THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

In This Number:

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An Empire Built on Sand	*Robert-Jean Longuet*
Magheraliffe (A Story)	*Jim Phelan*

$6 a Year — *March, 1938* — 50¢ a Copy

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ICELAND

A LAND OF CONTRASTS

By HJALMAR LINDROTH

● In Iceland as everywhere else the old and the new exist side by side, but in Iceland the old is so very ancient and the new so ultra-modern that the conflict between them takes on strange and violent aspects. "Iceland rightly demands that place among the free nations which has already been conceded to her officially," says Professor Lindroth in his introduction, "But now the question arises: Ought she to build on an old foundation or on a new one? Or ought she to endeavor to find a middle way? Opinions among those in power are divided."

● Hjalmar Lindroth has traveled all over Iceland and interviewed innumerable persons. He is professor of Scandinavian languages in the University of Gothenburg and wrote the book originally in Swedish. The translator, Professor Adolph B. Benson of Yale, has also visited Iceland and is familiar with the language and customs.

A map and eight pages of illustrations and a bibliography of books on Iceland for the American reader add to the value of the book

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●

PUBLISHED BY

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and general offices, 63 Park Row, New York City. 50c a copy. $6.00 a year. Canada, $6.50. Foreign, $7.00. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

TREMENDOUS events are changing the world so rapidly that it is becoming difficult to see things in their proper perspective. Is there, indeed, any such thing as a 'proper' perspective in which mankind of today can be studied? Viscount Samuel, noted British statesman and President of the British Institute of Philosophy, copes with this problem in our leading article, 'Shaping Our Civilization.' Since leaving political life in 1932, Lord Samuel has devoted himself to philosophy and has written the following books: *Philosophy and the Ordinary Man*, *The Tree of Good and Evil*, *Practical Ethics* and *Belief and Action*. [p. 8]

IN THE last issue we presented National Socialist views on foreign affairs and colonies by two authoritative spokesmen for the Third Reich. This month our German section includes two articles by Germans who are opposed to the régime. The first, 'Hitler's Poison Kitchens,' deals with conditions in the vast chemical and chemical war industry of Central Germany, and was written by Heinz Wilhelm, an émigré who has collected information about industry and labor in Germany from across the Czechoslovak border. [p. 15] The second article, on the notorious concentration camp at Dachau, was written by a former guard, and came into the hands of the *New Statesman and Nation*. Its author, of course, remains anonymous. [p. 19]

SINCE only Moslems can visit, much less live in, the Holy City of Mecca, it follows that the author of 'I Live in Mecca,' H. St. John Philby, is a convert to Islam. For nearly twenty years Mr. Philby has lived among the Arabs and some of his valuable explorations of the peninsula have been described in *The Empty Quarter*. He is at present a trusted adviser of King Ibn Saud. [p. 22]

WHEN the new Chautemps Cabinet won its first vote of confidence by a majority of 500 to 1, the greatest majority in the history of the French Republic, the single adverse vote was that of Gaston Bergery, who was convinced that the new government was simply another make-shift and would continue to bow now to the unions, now to the bankers and industrialists and that it was incapable of reëstablishing respect for the State. His article, 'Liberty or Authority?' has been read with profound interest by statesmen and officials in France and Belgium, and his observations are applicable to every democratic government which is confronted by the problem posed in the title. [p. 26]

A MUCH more sanguine view of the French situation is taken by Percy Philip, seasoned Paris correspondent, in the article, 'The Question of Efficiency.' Mr. Philip gives an unusually clear description of the complicated system of compromises upon which the French system rests, and which makes French politics appear chaotic to most foreigners. [p. 28]

IN 'Schuschnigg Talks,' Kees van Hoek reports an interview in which the Chancellor spoke quite frankly about the country's situation—so frankly, in fact, that he was denounced in the German press following its publication. [p. 31] A very different picture of Austria will be found in 'Ski-Hotel,' in which a correspondent of *Time and Tide* reveals what he learned from students and vacationers from all parts of the country at a Tyrolean sports resort. [p. 34]

OUR short story this month is really short, but in its three pages are packed the emotional makings of a novel. In 'The Women of Magheraliffe,' Jim Phelan

(*Continued on page 94*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

March, 1938 *Volume 354, Number 4458*

The World Over

TWENTY-FIVE WARS, great and small, have been fought since the world sat down at Versailles to establish an enduring peace. Each of the past three years has witnessed the beginning of a new war: in East Africa in 1935, in Spain in 1936, in China in 1937. Not included is the perennial struggle between the British and the Arabs in Palestine, the British campaign against the Wazir tribesmen under the Fakir of Ipi, or the bombing of the Hadramaut Arabs by the Royal Air Force. The disturbing aspect of the 1935–37 wars is the fact that each new war has been greater than its predecessor. War is in the air; believing it to be inevitable, many peoples have lost their old fear. Will 1938 bring a new and still bigger war—perhaps the general conflict that will, it is said, destroy Western civilization?

In Europe there are only two nations which might provoke such a war—nations, that is to say, which cherish ambitions which can be realized only by war or by abject surrender on the part of the Western democracies. Those two are Italy and Germany. Italy, however, is finding it difficult to pay for her Ethiopian and Spanish adventures and is in no position economically for a major encounter. Germany remains, and it is probable that Chancellor Hitler knows better than anyone else whether there will be a new war in Europe in 1938. His purging of von Fritsch and other conservative generals from the Reichswehr portends a more aggressive policy. The German army is to become increasingly

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a Nazi army and, with Hitler's favorites in control, it cannot be expected that the General Staff will exercise the restraint over the Führer in the future that it has in the past. He can now do what he wills with Germany's military machine.

It is probably true that Chancellor Hitler does not want war and hopes that he can gain his objectives by threats. Thanks to Mussolini's short-sighted connivance, his threats seem to have been successful in the kidnapping of Austria. The failure of Great Britain and France to support Austria cannot but discourage the Czechs, who may feel forced to accept whatever terms Hitler may choose to offer. The Führer is almost literally holding a pistol to Europe's head.

PRIME MINISTER NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN will be sixty-nine this month. His gout bothers him a great deal and so does his Cabinet, which has never pulled together as a team. He has privately expressed his admiration of Lord Baldwin's decision to retire when he felt the strain growing too much for him. While it is not expected that Mr. Chamberlain will retire this year, there is much speculation in England about his likeliest successor. The following is a hasty survey of the prospects of the various candidates: Mr. Anthony Eden, the handsome ex-Foreign Minister, is regaining lost prestige, but will not call No. 10 Downing Street his address for a decade, if ever; Leslie Hore-Belisha, who loves publicity, has done well at the Transport and War Ministries and aspires to be Britain's second Disraeli, is too ambitious and energetic for the comfort of his Conservative compeers; some of the well-favored candidates of two years ago, like Mr. W. S. Morrison, Mr. Walter Elliot and Mr. Oliver Stanley, have lost ground and seem out of the race; Sir John Simon is proving an excellent Chancellor of the Exchequer and is so well backed by those who remember the large part he played in settling the great General Strike in 1926 that he has a chance. The favorites, however, are Sir Samuel Hoare, the Home Minister and former Foreign Minister who wanted to save Ethiopia's life by amputating a leg, and Sir Thomas Inskip, the Quaker Minister of the vaguely defined Ministry of Defense. Of the two, it is said that Mr. Chamberlain inclines to Sir Thomas. There are 'dark horses,' of course, like Mr. Duff Cooper, and even the polylingual Dr. Leslie Burgin, Minister of Transport, whose wife declares that she will some day make him Prime Minister! If the Labour Party should win the General Election, however, there is no doubt about the next Premier. It would be Mr. Clement Atlee, now leader of the Opposition and a former Conservative.

NATIONAL SOCIALIST POLICY toward the Catholic Church alternates between expressions of the highest esteem, such as Chancellor

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Hitler's New Year's message to Pope Pius, on the one hand, and vilification and persecution on the other. The message to the Pope was followed, for example, by an article in Goebbels's *Angriff* which accused the Holy Father of being mendacious; and an official note of condolence upon the death of the Bishop of Aachen followed a vicious press campaign against the Catholic clergy. So, since 1934, periods of persecution and of tolerance have succeeded each other; there has been persecution or tolerance, depending on the state of public opinion and expediency at the moment. During the Olympic Games, for instance, there was tolerance, in order to impress the visiting tourists. But behind this expediency is a clearly-conceived aim: to weaken the Church gradually, to undermine its educational influence as much as possible, but to avoid bringing relations with the Vatican to the breaking point. Hitler was born a Catholic and he knows the Catholic mind. His idea of the struggle was recently expressed by Gauleiter Wagner: 'We should under no circumstances turn the priests into martyrs; let us rather make delinquents of them.'

IT IS LITTLE REALIZED abroad that Germany's severe laws against race pollution apply to foreigners as well as to German citizens and Jews. The *Pariser Tageszeitung* reports that, according to the statistics of the Reich Ministry of Justice, 527 foreigners were convicted and sentenced to prison for terms ranging from three months to five years under these laws between the summer of 1935 and the end of 1937. A large proportion of these were Americans, and in only three cases were the charges dropped because of diplomatic intervention.

THROUGHOUT THE VAST FRENCH EMPIRE, from Morocco and Senegal to Indo-China, the French place great emphasis on the 'social rôle' of military training among the native populations. The soldiers and their chiefs are given both discipline and a new loyalty. Seasoned old spahis do not mutiny. This same system has been practiced by other imperial powers, notably by Italy in Eritrea and Somaliland, and is now being slowly extended by her to Ethiopia. As for the French experience in North Africa, General A. Niessel, an officer who has spent most of his career among the colonial forces, asserts in *La France Militaire* that the disaffection in North Africa has appeared largely among the proletariat of the cities, which has contributed but few of the native troops. There has been no trouble, he says, among the Moors, Algerians and Tunisians of the hills and the desert, who are restrained by the close connection of their chiefs and fellow tribesmen with the Army. If France is to keep this loyalty, says General Niessel, compensations and allowances to the native troops must more nearly approximate those given to French officers and troops serving in North Africa, and above all, better treatment must

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not be given to the trouble-making townspeople than to the soldier-tribes which have supported France for so long.

To all this we must add that General Niessel gives only the French official and General Staff viewpoint. As for the proletariat of the cities—'the trouble-making townspeople'—they are a class created by the French land policy. They do make trouble, until they are shot down by the Foreign Legion. And why do they make trouble? Because they are starving. And why are they starving? Because the French Administration has expropriated all the better lands and diverted the precious water supply for the benefit of the handful of French colonists. For a detailed account of the tragedy which French colonial policy has brought to the natives of Tunis and Morocco, see the article 'An Empire Built on Sand,' by Robert-Jean Longuet, elsewhere in this issue.

IS PREMIER MUSSOLINI BLUFFING when he gives so much publicity to his powerful war-machine in Libya? Official communiqués state that two full army corps, or from 40,000 to 50,000 troops, are stationed there, and the world is assured that they are well equipped, well trained and strengthened by numerous motorized units and a powerful air force. When the second army corps was sent out last autumn amid much belligerent noise from Rome, the French trembled for Tunis and the British for Egypt. They need not have done so, according to the London *Sunday Express*, one of whose correspondents secured the following facts from a recent foreign visitor to Marshal Balbo. This gentleman 'was shown too much and left alone for a little too long.' He found that the Italian garrison in Libya consists of no more than 25,000 men, and that when the second army corps sailed in broad daylight amid fanfare the first was brought back to Italy and disembarked secretly at night. The troops in Africa were mostly young recruits, were neither well trained nor well equipped, never drilled or exercised, and passed their time 'playing cards, having a nap or singing Italian songs while their neglected rifles lie around covered with desert dust. They are replaced by similar types approximately every three months.'

NO ONE has ever understood how Italy proposed to stand the strain of the new armament race, coupled with the cost of her adventures in Ethiopia and Spain. According to Douglas Jay, financial expert of the London *Daily Herald* the ordinary budget amounts to about $1,100,000,000 and is roughly balanced by Internal Revenue. But it is estimated that between $750,000,000 and $900,000,000 has to be raised by loans annually for such purposes as Spanish and Ethiopian expenses, while the total national savings are estimated by competent Italian statisticians at only about $400,000,000.

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Italy has thus reached a state which must be almost unprecedented for a modern country even in time of war, in which Government expenditure out of loans is approximately double the total national savings. No savings at all, of course, are left for private and industrial purposes.

THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT has just made arrangements for paying a second instalment of £73,000 on its post-clearing obligations, in addition to the £71,000 it paid last November. Some of the Government's liabilities were even incurred in what is now Insurgent territory. This effort to clear the name of Spain from the stigma of default stands in striking contrast to the unwillingness of the Insurgents to meet their obligations, although it is known that they hold a considerable amount of sterling and other marketable securities. According to the London *Financial News*, British bankers are asking why Salamanca does not make at least a token payment as a gesture of good will; in the absence of such a reassuring gesture they are wondering whether the foreign creditors of Spain do not stand a better chance of being repaid if the Loyalists win the civil war.

THERE IS ONE EUROPEAN COUNTRY, Finland, where Fascism once nearly succeeded in seizing power, only to become discredited and wither into political insignificance. Today the Popular Patriotic League, as the survivors of the powerful Lapuan Fascist movement of six years ago call their party, have only 14 seats out of a total of 200 in the Finnish Parliament. Communism has been proscribed for many years, but the Fascists have not profited as they hoped by its exclusion, and a correspondent of the *New Statesman and Nation* describes their party as nothing more than 'a sort of vigilance committee for the detection of Moscow propaganda.'

NUMEROUS REPORTS HAVE REACHED US that the pro-German dictatorship of General Metaxas in Greece was murdering, torturing and imprisoning its political opponents and suspected opponents on unhealthy penal islands. As many of these reports came from reliable sources, we were led to believe that General Metaxas was ruling the Greeks with an iron hand. But we were mistaken, it seems, for it has been announced in Athens that 'the régime abandons its previous measures and enters upon a new period—the period of severity.' If Metaxas considers that his policy has been mild during the past eighteen months, what will his 'severity' be like? The reason behind the decision to employ undisguised repression was the distribution of leaflets criticizing the régime and urging the people to recover their liberty. Twelve former party-leaders and three military officers had the courage, or foolhardi-

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ness, to lend their names to the appeal—if, indeed, the whole incident wasn't gotten up by the dictator as an excuse to put them out of the way. In any case, the fifteen were immediately sent to one of the penal islands. Among them were three former Prime Ministers: the Venezelist, Mr. Sophoulis; the Independent Republican, Mr. Mikhalakopoulos; and the Progressive, Mr. Kaphandaris.

It is true that the Greek Republic never worked very well, that the Greeks often abused their liberty and that their leaders were prone to engage in politics for its own sake to the neglect of the country's interests; but it is painful to witness their succumbing to a tyranny that is hardly preferable to that of the Turks. Shades of Byron and Marco Bozzaris!

IT WAS THE JAPANESE MILITARY, not business and industry, which insisted upon 'chastising' the stiff-necked Chinese. The Japanese business man has been properly patriotic, but he is hardly enthusiastic about the continual extension of the army's operations in China or about the effects of the war on his immediate interests. Without comment, as none is needed, we quote from an editorial which appeared in the January issue of the *Oriental Economist* of Kobe:—

> At this juncture the advantageous policy for Japan to follow will be to localize military operations as much as possible, although very often it may not be feasible to do this to the extent desired as a good deal will depend on what the enemy does. Another important consideration will be for Japan to finance Government and war expenses through increased taxation to the maximum extent possible in order to avert the danger of extreme currency inflation. At the same time, it is essential that the Government shall exercise the utmost care to restrict its interference with national economic life to the absolute minimum. The Government's course just now, however, is diametrically opposed to this desirable policy. Not only are imports of such important raw materials as cotton, wool, etc., placed under restriction, but the foreign exchange license system is being enforced with growing rigidity, and under the two forms of control industrialists and traders are required to go through complicated formalities at the hands of Government officials who are complete novices in commercial affairs. The result has been to undermine alarmingly the competitive powers in the world markets of Japan's harassed business men.

IN THE JANUARY ISSUE we discussed the imminent destruction of the valuable American fisheries in Alaskan waters by Japanese floating canneries, and the difficulty of persuading the Japanese Government to stop the practice of pelagic fishing because the Japanese ships operate legally, that is, outside the three-mile limit. That limit to territorial waters by international law is purely arbitrary, of course, being based on the range of cannon in the seventeenth century. But Japan, who has so often violated both letter and spirit of international law, is in this case

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clinging righteously to the letter of the law and has thus far made non-committal replies to the State Department's notes of protest. As Senator Schwellenbach has pointed out, Japan has destroyed the salmon on the North Asiatic coasts by pelagic fishing and is now bent on ruining our salmon resources in Alaska; and if she is not stopped, she will then move her canneries southward and destroy our Columbia River salmon. Incidentally, the salmon taken and canned are not consumed by the hungry Japanese, but are exported almost entirely to Great Britain.

In the nineteen-twenties, the United States Government found that the three-mile jurisdiction was inadequate to protect its interests in the enforcement of Prohibition, and extended the limit to twelve miles. The case of Japanese pelagic fishing is not, of course, a true parallel, as Great Britain had agreed by treaty to recognize the establishment of a twelve-mile limit within which vessels suspected of rum-running could be searched by the Coast Guard. Nevertheless, a great American industry with a capital value in excess of a billion dollars is endangered, the old three-mile limit is again inadequate to protect our interests and Japan is, in effect, violating the conservation laws which are binding upon the citizens of the United States and Canada. Our action in Prohibition days is not an exact precedent, but the establishment of a twelve-mile limit on pelagic fishing would undoubtedly help prevent the early extinction of the United States and Canadian salmon. It now seems clear that the Japanese practice can be stopped, and our interests protected, only by some such arbitrary step.

JAPAN IS GERMANY'S ALLY, of course, because of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo pact against Communism, but German commercial circles in China are beginning to show signs of apprehension about the fate of their interests should China fall entirely under Japanese control. This is hinted at in a letter addressed by the German Chamber of Commerce in Shanghai to the German Chamber in Tokyo:—

> In your report to the *Deutsche Wirtschaftszeitung* on the Sino-Japanese situation, you state that Japan is willing to collaborate with other nations in order to 'turn North China within a short time into a contented, economically strong and lawful State, a worthy and useful member of the commonwealth of nations.' This evaluation has created strong resentment in many circles since it tacitly implies that *before* the Japanese crusade North China was *not* an economically strong and lawful State. We wish to state that this view is contrary to the facts, since business was flourishing and order prevailed before the invasion. The situation justified hopes that the Communist danger had been reduced to a minimum. Since Japan has come in, however, this economic development has been brutally interrupted, and the Communist danger has actually been increased.

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Britain's foremost statesman-philosopher seeks a criterion with which to guide and to judge man's progress.

Shaping Our Civilization

By VISCOUNT SAMUEL

From *Philosophy*
Quarterly Organ of the British Institute of Philosophy

IN WHAT, after all, does civilization consist? If Japanese aggression in China were successful, would it bring to the Chinese a higher civilization or subject them to a lower? Sidney and Beatrice Webb entitled their spacious survey of present-day Russia *Soviet Communism: A New Civilization?* with a query at the end. In a postscript to that book they give reasons why they think that query might be omitted. But Hitler, Mussolini and Franco assert that Communism is not a civilization at all, but an embodiment of the forces of destruction, to be resisted at all costs and to the death.

In our ordinary lives we have to decide every day which values are best. Take for example the problems of the educator. How far should the education of children be literary and humanistic, or scientific and utilitarian, theological, artistic, athletic, military? Different schools of thought, here and elsewhere, put different values upon these elements. Which is right? Or are all of them right? Or none of them?

Consider the problem which underlies the economic situation in this country—and in all countries. The advance in science, invention and technical organization and skill has vastly and rapidly increased the productivity of industry and agriculture. The benefits of that progress may be distributed in various ways. They may go to the employing class in larger profits. Or they may go to the workers: in better wages, or else in more leisure, or perhaps in less labor for married women, young persons, or children. They may go to the consumers: in lower prices, or in the better quality of goods, or in more convenient methods of distribution. They may be diffused in a growing expenditure upon forms of trade competition. Or they may be taken by governments in taxation and spent either upon social services and the like, or upon arma-

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ments and war. The political and economic controversies of our time spring very largely from differences of opinion as to the comparative worth and necessity of these various purposes.

The market values of commodities themselves are not determined, as Marx taught, by the amount and quality of the labor needed for their production, but in the first place by the ideas that govern the demand for them. A country house which cost perhaps a hundred thousand pounds fifty years ago may not be worth one thousand today; the bigger it is and the more it cost, the less it is worth. As much labor would be needed to produce a crinoline now as in the eighteen-sixties; it would have fetched a price then, it is worthless today. A fat pig has considerable value in Chicago; it has none in Mecca or Tel-Aviv.

To take a different class of cases, young men and women have to choose occupations of some kind; and the choice is not solely a question of opportunity, but in varying degree also of predilection. Unless we are to be like thistledown, blown haphazard upon the wind, taking root or failing to take root wherever the floating seed may rest, there must be some judgment as to the kind of life, within the limits that are open, that is most worth while.

The answers given to all such questions determine the kind of civilization we shall have. In turn, the kind of civilization that we have helps to determine the answers that we give. We are in a circle; our choice of values determines our civilization, and our civilization determines our choice of values. Unless we can find some standpoint outside the circle where we can frame an independent criterion, we may go on for ever round and round.

II

For thousands of years religion set the standards. The character of a civilization was determined by its creed. It was a Christian civilization or Islamic, Buddhist or Hindu, Confucian or Shinto. God had spoken, or the prophets and the sages; the peoples had only to accept. Beliefs crystallized into customs. In Europe all through the Middle Ages civilization was based on Christian theology—the theology especially of Saint Thomas Aquinas, which had drawn into alliance Aristotle's philosophy and found its interpreters in the Church and the Schoolmen. Throughout the Middle East and among Moslems elsewhere the Suras of the Koran gave the answer to every problem. The Crusades were the typical manifestation, on the one side and on the other, of the civilizations of the age. Judaism had become largely a matter of Rabbinics, the meticulous application of verbally inspired texts. In India the caste system grew up as a religious ordinance. In China popular Confucianism and Taoism developed their own codes of morals.

There came the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with the beginnings in Europe of modern science. Astronomy and physics in general, anatomy and all branches of physiology began rapidly to develop, and there arose straightway the great conflict between the established theology and the new science. Giordano Bruno was burnt at the stake; Galileo was indicted and persecuted; Spinoza

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excommunicated by the synagogue; Descartes intimidated by the attacks of theologians.

When the cause of intellectual liberty had won the victory, the scope of the human mind speedily expanded. It no longer felt itself, to quote a sentence of Mr. H. G. Wells, 'boxed in imaginatively by the Creation and the Day of Judgment.' It saw its background in a history immensely prolonged, and visualized an almost boundless future.

The eighteenth century brought the *philosophes* of France and their Encyclopædia, the 'Philosopher Kings' of Prussia, Austria, Russia, Sweden and Spain; in England appeared the precursors of the Philosophic Radicals, who were to influence so greatly the century that followed. Philosophy was no longer conditioned by theology, but began itself to mold religious thought.

With Kant the idealist school arose, acquired a predominant position, but brought no conclusions generally agreed. Authority, whether religious or philosophic, was found to be insufficient. To fill the need, various currents of thought flowed in. Science was inclined to materialism, and set a trend that way.

Marxism followed the trend; the aggrieved elements in an economic system disorganized by the Industrial Revolution found in it a creed and a purpose. Then came Nietzsche and the intuitionists, starting an anti-intellectual movement; and that movement gave room for Sorel, Spengler and the philosophy of violence. Out of these ideas have now arisen the Fascism of Italy and the National-Socialism of Germany. A lack of accepted standards in morals and politics have led thought into chaos, action into confusion and have given us the world that we see around us today.

III

'Turn back, O Man, forswear thy foolish ways,' says a poet of our time. His words would find an echo in many minds. Widespread among us is the feeling that there must be a fresh start. It is often said that in these days civilization itself is in peril. But in what civilization consists, or should consist, we do not quite know; and not everyone is sure that the civilization we now have deserves to be saved from whatever perils may threaten it.

Who is to answer these questions? Who is to give us the independent criterion of values that we need? Where shall we find again the authority that has been lost?

'The philosophy which a nation receives,' wrote Emerson, 'rules its religion, poetry, politics, arts, trades and whole history.' But the nations of today do not receive—or at all events do not accept—any coherent philosophy of any kind. The reason is not far to seek. It obviously comes from the disagreements among philosophers. The ordinary man might be willing to accept their guidance if they spoke with one voice, but wisely recognizes that he is not competent to decide between them when they differ. 'Moreover,' as Dr. Joad says, 'many of the disputes of philosophers are disputes about what exactly it is that they are disputing about.'

Bishop Gore wrote in his Gifford Lectures: 'It must of course be admitted that if a student today reads in succession the works of a number of

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contemporary or almost contemporary philosophers—surrendering himself to each in turn before he seeks to estimate the ultimate value of his speculations—he will be impelled toward a final skepticism, because he will find the conclusions, confidently presented to him for acceptance, so different and irreconcilable. But to acquiesce in the skeptical attitude, which is content to find all views interesting while abandoning the attempt to reach a conclusion or conviction of one's own, is to abandon the very aim of reason, which is the conviction of truth.' Yet to this surrender many thinkers feel themselves obliged to consent, in despair of reaching definite conclusions.

Some among them find an excuse by asserting that, after all, it is the search that matters and not the finding. They accept the defeatism which says—I have heard Lord Baldwin use the quotation more than once—'it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive.' Or else they take refuge in a theory that at bottom a man's philosophy can never be anything more than the expression of his temperament. This is the same as Fichte's doctrine: 'The kind of philosophy that a man chooses depends upon the kind of man that he is.' Such views may be amusing; they have in them a touch of good-humored cynicism; but if they were taken seriously they would be fatal to any prospect of help from philosophy in finding an issue from our troubles. Philosophy would sink into a matter of personal taste.

But how is philosophy to escape from the swamp of mere speculation, of assertion and counter-assertion, of 'proclamation without proof?' For my own part, I feel convinced that we shall find firm ground, that we shall be able to make a fresh start with any hope of success, only if philosophy, with full deliberation, accepts science as its basis.

IV

It may be said that since there is no permanency in science, since its conclusions change as knowledge grows, philosophy on this principle will find its premises ever shifting. To some extent this must be so. And is it wrong that it should be so? If in earlier times philosophy had had at its disposal the knowledge that has now been brought by physics, chemistry, psychology, biology in all its branches; and the social sciences also, politics, economics, eugenics—can we doubt that it would have shaped itself differently? Plato and Aristotle must needs have written differently, and Descartes and Spinoza. And there is no reason to doubt—or to regret—that in so far as the basic conclusions of the science of the next century will differ from those of the science of today the philosophy of the next century will be modified correspondingly. There must be what Ernst Mach called 'the gradual accommodation of thoughts to facts.'

We may see, looking back, that it was the dualism of Descartes that set us on the wrong track. His principles, says Whitehead, 'lead straight to the theory of a materialistic, mechanistic nature, surveyed by cogitating minds. After the close of the seventeenth century science took charge of the materialistic nature, and philosophy took charge of the cogitating minds.' The human mind has ever sought a window through which it might look upon the universe; idealis-

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tic philosophy gave it only a mirror, so that it was merely itself that it saw.

From this the conclusion does not follow that philosophy is to be regarded as nothing more than a branch of science without specific functions of her own. She may draw her materials from science, but she must choose her tasks and reach her results for herself. We may regard, then, the frontier where science and philosophy meet, where the conclusions of the one are handed across to become the premises of the other, as the vital center in the wide realm of thought.

V

Philosophy ought not to be a matter of choosing one of a series of pigeonholes inscribed with the names of thinkers or of schools of thought, of creeping in and sliding to the cover. Philosophy, I would submit, should rather devote itself in these days to a new clarification of its own ideas in the light of those new and fundamental discoveries of science. Then it may seek a synthesis with science and with religion. It is that threefold synthesis which may be able to offer to the world the guidance it so urgently needs; may be able to tell us what values are really worth while, in what a high civilization really consists.

Such a synthesis will not give us, indeed, a definite program of practical action. That is the province of politics and economics, of the specialized sciences and of religion separately; religion molded no doubt by philosophy and by science, but animated by its own authentic spirit and bringing its own specific contribution. The function of philosophy, in union with the others, is rather to set the aims which practical action should seek. As Hume said, 'We come to a philosopher to be instructed how we shall choose our ends, more than the means for attaining the ends.'

But mark the number of practical issues besetting our minds day by day on which this synthesis of philosophy, science and religion will have a bearing. Is the State or nation a real entity, as Hegel taught and the Nazis and Fascists believe? Or is it only one more 'fictional abstraction?' Does the individual exist ultimately for the State, or the State for the individual? Is war between nations the outcome of a supreme natural law of a struggle for existence leading to the survival of the fittest, and therefore in the end beneficent? Or is this merely a misapplication of biological conclusions to a sphere they do not fit?

Is it true that thermodynamics proves conclusively that the earth is doomed to become lifeless, as the moon is—that the universe itself is on the way to ultimate death? If so, does this involve a fundamental pessimism in our general outlook, with a repudiation of the optimistic element in the religious creeds? Is it possible to find a sound basis for ethics apart from theology? If it is, in what does the basis consist? If it is not possible, does it follow that theological dogmas ought to be accepted even if they are believed not to be true?

How far, if at all, should political ideologies influence scientific conclusions? Sidney and Beatrice Webb, in their book on Soviet Communism, quote the following watchwords from *The Journal for Marxist-Leninist Natural Science:* 'We stand for Party in Mathematics;' 'We stand for the purity of the Marxist-Leninist theory

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in surgery.' Is this an example to be imitated?

If the principle of Causality is acknowledged to be supreme, what will be the effect upon the current popular superstitions? What shall we think, for example, of the Town Council of Margate, which decided in January, 1937, that no house in any new street on its housing estates was to be numbered thirteen? What shall we think of some of our newspapers with vast circulations which print week by week columns of astrological prophecies under such titles as 'The Stars Foretell?' And what shall we think of their readers?

These are features—some more important, some less—in the civilization of the twentieth century to which a synthesis of philosophy, science and religion may address itself.

VI

I would end by venturing, perhaps rashly, to submit some of my own beliefs as to the direction in which such a synthesis may lead us. It may come to be recognized universally that, as Bernard Shaw says, 'Civilization needs a religion as a matter of life and death.' That religion will no doubt take various forms to meet the needs of various races and temperaments and under the influence of various traditions. But it can hardly fail to be at bottom theistic. Religion in the future will necessarily be purged of ideas in the sphere of physics and biology that have been inherited from the past but are now discredited. It must be such as to invite and to satisfy both the saint and the scientist.

The civilization that may come cannot be materialist. It will not lay too much emphasis on 'things.' Let each nation do honor to those of its members who are engaged in material production; but I cannot imagine a really great civilization being content to take as its symbol the tools of industry and agriculture, the hammer and the sickle; or spending for long its chief enthusiasm upon factories and tractors. That is to see in man a body that makes and consumes, rather than a mind that thinks and creates, understands, aspires and enjoys. A civilization in which economic factors are not kept as servants but are raised to be rulers, or even gods, can never suffice the human soul.

When the 'fictional abstractions,' have disappeared, the individual man will be left clear-cut against the sky, no longer enshrouded by metaphysical mists. State, nation, industrial corporations and the like will be seen for what they are, nothing more than groupings or patterns of men and women. Then may be ended the domination of political myths; peoples will no longer be willing to surrender the right to think for themselves; no longer consent to become fodder for ideologies, as well as *Kanonenfutter;* no longer submit to be intellectually enslaved, to sink to the status of Helots of the mind.

A synthesis of philosophy, science and religion will keep intuition in its proper place, make it subject always to the guidance of the rational judgment. It will not under-estimate the value of common sense; will be suspicious of philosophic paradox; will believe that an idea need not be false merely because it is obvious, and that even a truism may still be true. It will find the road to wise conclusions in the

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world-wide and age-long process of observation and experiment, trial and error, practical experience and free discussion.

Among the truisms, among the things that are obvious, is the infinite mischief done by the two great evils of the modern world, War and Poverty. When Oswald Spengler says that 'War is the creator of all great things,' he gives us the authentic utterance of barbarism. Mankind will come to see that by far the greatest danger to its own welfare is the existence of States which combine technical strength with moral weakness, the possession of great means with indifference to good ends. Nor will the future be likely to tolerate that mingling of splendor and squalor which the twentieth century has inherited from the eighteenth and nineteenth—a brilliant garment on a body dirty and diseased. First let the body be cleansed and cured; then array it. When intelligence and goodwill get fully to work on our social system, they will bring about great changes.

It is easy to stress the evils of the civilization that is now around us. We may easily come to think that it offers little else than evils. Yet the men of the Middle Ages, could they reappear, would envy us our freedom from the more constant wars, the more desperate poverty, the widespread ignorance, the unchecked diseases and constant epidemics from which they suffered. The study of the conditions of the past is often the best cure for pessimism about the present.

So philosophy coming out of its phase of classicism, science coming out of its phase of materialism, and religion from its servitude to dogmas that are outworn, may join in constructing a spiritual and intellectual framework for the future. They may give to mankind clear-cut ideas, simple, easily grasped, alive in the mind and powerful to guide conduct. 'Meliorism' may become a key-word —the discard, that is to say, of both optimism and pessimism, with emphasis on the need and the hopefulness of effort to make things better.

Conscious Evolution may be another root idea. Man has come to understand, however imperfectly, his place in the history of things: his environment, and how in some degree it may be modified; his own nature, and how in some degree it may be molded. The knowledge will stimulate his efforts, help to determine their direction, immensely accelerate the pace of his progress. 'Man is in the making,' Lowes Dickinson wrote, 'but henceforth he must make himself. To that point Nature has led him out of the primeval slime. She has given him limbs, she has given him brain, she has given him the rudiment of a soul. Now it is for him to make or mar that splendid torso. Let him look no more to her for aid; for it is her will to create one who has the power to create himself. If he fails, she fails; back goes the metal to the pot; and the great process begins anew. If he succeeds, he succeeds alone. His fate is in his own hands. Of that fate, did he but know it, brain is the lord, to fashion a palace fit for the soul to inhabit.'

Such are the ideals to which our trinity of philosophy, science and religion may point. There we may see in what a true civilization consists. Lighted by that conception, the landscape through which we are passing need not seem so gloomy, but will have the sunshine slanting through it.

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Two articles reveal conditions in the German chemical industries and within the concentration camp at Dachau.

Under the Nazi Lash

I. Hitler's Poison Kitchens

By Heinz Wilhelm

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague German-Émigré Weekly

As SOON as the express puffs out of Weissenfels in Thuringia, the experienced traveler closes the window. He knows he is now entering Central Germany, the land of smokes and fumes. Here, in thousands of stills and tanks, the world's most up-to-date chemical industry brews its products. It is a veritable witch's cauldron that is unrivalled both in the volume and the diversity of its output.

Central Germany offers two important advantages to these industries, and both are invaluable to the modern war machine: A protected location far from any dangerous frontier, and nearby natural resources like lignite, potash, copper, clay, rock-salt, etc. The new network of highways is an additional asset to the region. The six-lane express roads from Berlin to Munich, from Breslau to Cologne and from Hamburg to Dresden all intersect between Halle and Leipzig. The German witch's cauldron is therefore directly connected with all important parts of the Reich, a fact of great strategic importance. At the same time these white concrete highways, which are usually visible even at night, are excellent targets for attacking airplanes. In an effort to protect these roads and industries against possible attack from the air, a belt of airports, many of which are provided with subterranean hangars and shops, has been constructed.

During the past four years many new chemical plants have been erected in this region or transferred there from the Western and Eastern parts of the Reich.

This process has been accelerated recently, for large areas of farming lands have been expropriated for industrial purposes within the last few months. The peasants were compensated so well that they have been able to buy elsewhere much better farms than their old ones. Condemnation

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was carried out by the State, of course, but the nature of the new enterprises and the identity of their backers are still a deep secret.

At any rate, the chemical industry is constantly growing in Central Germany, and this is particularly true of the chemical war industry—the 'poison kitchens.' There are rumors of countless new experiments. Some concern new poison gases and others the so-called 'freezing gas' which causes paralysis in human beings and animals.

This is produced in 'closed departments,' which are constantly guarded by storm-troopers. Workers in these sections are selected with extreme care. After their political reliability has been thoroughly investigated, they are trained in special courses. A part of the routine each morning is the reading aloud by an official of the rules, which warn that talking about their work is treason, punishable by death. Many of these workers are so intimidated that they shun all social activities lest they unwittingly reveal secrets.

Some facts have been learned, however, about the development of a gas-mask filter bearing a 'safety-date,' that is, a date after which it will no longer function safely. It must also be replaced after five hours of constant use. So far the filter has been tested only by selected soldiers in so-called 'gas-detection' courses, and must be returned immediately after each drill. It is rigidly checked in and out and the soldiers are impressed with the fact that any discussion of this filter is regarded as a particularly heinous form of treason. Recently, a soldier lost one of these filters during a drill, and a thoroughgoing investigation was immediately begun. It was fruitless because he had actually lost the filter, but he was confined to the guardhouse for six days. The investigation, as well as the arrest, was made known to the other participants during roll call and the necessity for secrecy about the filter was again emphasized. This filter is allegedly the only existing means of defense against a new group of poison gases.

II

Work in the 'poison kitchens' is often dangerous to life and always harmful to the health of the workers. It was recently reported that in a new experimental department where textile fibers were tested three workers attacked the foreman with knives and clubs and threatened their fellow workers. A clinic for nervous diseases found that they were suffering from schizophrenia. One of them was transferred to an insane asylum as incurable. The neurologists were of the opinion that the disease was caused by the displacement of the phosphorus contained in the brain by the fumes from the sulphur compounds with which they had been working.

Although such incidents as these are hushed up, they nevertheless spread rapidly by grapevine, vastly exaggerated, throughout the entire industrial region. Great excitement was caused in this case when it became known that the experiments were being continued. Today no local worker is willing to accept a job in that department. It has been necessary, therefore, to bring in workers from the outside, but they, too, try to get out as soon as they know the facts. Similar reports have been made in regard to other factories.

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How little care is taken to safeguard the life and health of the workers is indicated by another incident in a chemical factory in Thuringia. One department was experimenting with a new acid for the production of a special kind of cellulose. The workers received no protective equipment. They were not even told that the substances with which they were dealing were dangerous. A young worker spilled a few drops of the new acid on his left shoe, but paid no attention to it at first. The acid penetrated through the leather and hose into his foot, and in order to save his life the foot had to be amputated.

Caustic soda, caustic potash, potassium chloride and similar chemical products are particularly harmful. This work can only be carried out by the workers if they receive plenty of milk, so each one of them receives one quart of milk daily without charge. Nevertheless, if the work lasts over an extended period of time, the bones, and above all the teeth, become brittle.

Potassium chloride is also inflammable. It catches fire at the slightest friction and the flames sometimes spread over the entire plant with lightning rapidity. For that reason, the workers in certain departments wear suits of asbestos. There are also tanks filled with water in the floors. At the slightest sign of fire, the workers jump into these tanks and dive under. Nevertheless, third degree burns occur time and again.

III

The wages in the different industries vary greatly. In mines, in agricultural enterprises, in the food industries and on the automobile highways the workers earn only from 20 to 30 marks ($8 to $12) a week. That is why they try to get into the poison factories, the explosive industries and the aircraft industries, where they earn from 50 to 60 marks ($20 to $24) weekly.

Wages in the chemical industry are still at the 1932 level, despite the increase in prices, but there is a complex bonus system, which in practice makes one worker speed up the other. The Dye Trust was able to increase its production by this device without having to increase the number of its workers.

Under the speed-up system the workers find that they are constantly being watched and controlled. There is one supervisor for every three workers. They go around with stop-watches to spot the slower workers. The workers have complained against these methods time and again, but the only result is their immediate arrest. No week passes without ten to twenty arrests. One large factory has its own prison, accommodating eighty men and located near its hospital. Arrested workers are immediately cross-examined by the Gestapo and are then taken away in ambulances.

Another result of the speed-up is a serious increase in accidents and illness. Every case has to be confirmed by two physicians before it is acknowledged. In the Leuna works alone there is an average of from five hundred to eight hundred accidents monthly. As a result there is an atmosphere of tension, irritation and insecurity, not only among the hard-driven employees, but also among the executives. It is being increased by an exaggerated fear of espionage. The spy system does not stop at the fac-

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tory gates. Even the most intimate private life of all those employed in the chemical industries is under surveillance.

IV

Unrest among the workers is an important factor in the poison industry; it is supposed to be overcome by intensified supervision. The dual system of control in the Leuna Works is an example. In one wing of a large building on the premises, somewhat apart from the others, is housed a Gestapo Commissar with his staff. He acts purely as political supervisor for Leuna. In another wing is the headquarters of the anti-espionage office, established by the military authorities, which has its own spying service inside and outside the plant. Here a meticulous record is kept of everyone who works in Leuna or who has ever worked there.

Each newly-employed worker is minutely controlled, and each Leuna worker feels from the first working day on that he is being spied upon, as indeed he is. The slightest casual remark may result in his being thrown into the factory jail. This supervision, in addition to the repeated warnings about treason, naturally causes a great deal of discontent, especially among the non-political workers. What has been said of Leuna is more or less true for all Central-German large-scale enterprises.

The concentration camp for Central Germany is Lichtenburg near Prettin on the Elbe. It has been overcrowded since 1933, but despite the prevailing terror the poison factories have not been effectively protected against the 'inner enemy.' Everybody feels an honest hatred of war—here where war is being prepared for most openly. A thousand details prove that. Almost no one in the plants salutes with 'Heil Hitler;' everybody, it seems, uses the pre-Nazi '*Grüss Gott*' (God greet you). Foreign and short wave broadcasts are avidly listened to. The news is openly discussed in the plants, and there are amateur 'experts' who are willing to give instructions about how one may best tune in on this or that foreign station. Slogans like 'Down with Hitler,' 'Long Live Socialism,' 'Red Front' are frequently chalked up on the walls, and the search for the culprits is almost always unsuccessful.

Some time ago Dr. Ley was scheduled to speak at an official plant meeting in the Leuna Works. Since he came very late, most of the workers had sat on the floor, and they did not rise when Ley finally appeared. They even remained seated when the Horst-Wessel Song was played. The S.A. (Brown Shirts) went into action and kicked a great many of the workers. Ley was very angry. His speech was accepted in icy silence—by the seven times sifted workers of the Leuna Works.

Although the industries in Central Germany have grown by leaps and bounds, the important factors of housing and proper settlement have been completely disregarded, exactly as during the World War. Large-scale enterprises like Leuna, which at times employs 35,000 men, were erected in purely agricultural sections. The enormous demand of workers could not be supplied in the vicinity. Nor were there sufficient accommodatons near the factories for the army of new workers. So there are 'Leuna-trains' which run far into Thuringia to bring

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workers to work and to take them to their homes. Many workers in the Reinsdorf plant leave their homes in Halle at 2:30 a.m. and do not return until 8 o'clock in the evening. Workers who live still farther away are crowded into temporary shelters or have to rent rooms. The plants therefore prefer to hire young workers without family ties. The workers naturally try to find jobs closer to their homes. As a result there is an exceptionally large labor turnover; and the long daily trips to work, the miserable living quarters and the strict surveillance cause the rank and file of the workers to be discontented and hard to control. Here, in Germany's key war industry, where lethal gases and explosives are made, is human dynamite that may some day explode under the oppressive régime.

II. Dachau

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

[*Those who have been imprisoned in the concentration camp at Dachau, ten miles from Munich, will not talk. The following account of current conditions was derived directly from members of the Schutzstaffel guard who had been revolted by the régime of systematized brutality.* Editors of the New Statesman and Nation]

EVERY Monday, Wednesday and Saturday the gray police van collects the men bound for Dachau from the Police Prison at Ettstrasse and from the headquarters of the Political Police at Briennerstrasse. There are three special 'coffins' at the end of the van—compartments without light or air, where men are locked in. These are usually reserved for 'bad cases,' which often means men who have not confessed. Protected by four heavily armed storm-troopers, the van goes out to Dachau. On arriving within the walled camp, the men are collected in ranks and called in one after the other to the commandant's office. There they have to give full details of their history. Then, in an adjoining room, a protective custody order (*Schutzhaftbefehl*) is read to them. This often ends ironically by saying that the subject has been sent to the camp to become a good National-Socialist.

Next, the 'bad cases,' who are destined for special treatment in the cells near the commandant's headquarters, are separated from the others. Under the shouts of watching S.S. men the rest follow the storm-trooper who is in charge of barrack allotment. The prisoners have to leave their clothes, shoes and other effects behind and are served out with prison uniform, boots, a black wool cap, and (in a separate barrack) blue-checked linen covers for their straw mattress and pillow, an old tin bowl, spoon, fork and knife and a loaf of black bread. Thus equipped, they march to their respective barracks; their hair is cut, and camp life begins.

There are ten barracks, in two rows of five facing each other, and nine are inhabited by prisoners. No. 1 is the worst. Surrounded by barbed wire, it houses the 'hopeless' cases, men

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who have come to the camp for the second time. No. 9 is filled with old men and invalids. Jews and 'race degraders' have a barrack separated from the other prisoners, so as 'not to infect them,' and are never allowed to mix with them except while they work. There is also a special barrack for criminals who have been in jail already and have finished their punishment, but are kept for reformatory reasons. Another barrack is allocated solely to arrested émigrés, former members of the Nazi Party and homosexuals. No. 10 contains a sort of hospital and a small library. It used also to include five cells in which prisoners could be chained. These were recently given up, as some of the prisoners got frozen limbs or died in them. Moreover, it was found more convenient to place 'special cases' in the cells near the commander's quarters, out of sight of the other prisoners.

Each barrack contains four or five departments (*Korporalschaften*) with about 50 to 60 men in each. There are now about 2,600 prisoners at Dachau. In summer the prisoners are awakened by a siren at 4 a.m., in winter at 5 a.m. They have a quarter of an hour in which to wash in the lavatory, make their beds, put everything in order and await their morning coffee, which is fetched by special men. By 6.30 the barracks have to be cleared. At 6.45 the prisoners assemble (except those in the cells) near the entrance gate, in their respective labor groups.

The occupants of barrack No. 1 leave first for their work. They have permanent hard labor, mostly in the so-called *Abbruch-Kommando* (breaking down of old buildings) or carrying coal in baskets on their shoulders from a van to the coal store at a distance of about three-quarters of a mile. The watching S.S. men constantly beat and kick these prisoners, and report them as 'saboteurs,' if they drop any coal from an overfilled basket. A prisoner thus reported is usually fastened to a bench. Two storm-troopers hold down his shoulders, while others beat him with ox-tail whips.

The other prisoners build roads near the camp, cut wood, dig drains, erect new barracks for the S.S. men, clean the barracks or work at a trade —joinery, saddlery, tailoring, shoemaking, etc. Work lasts till noon with half-an-hour's interval at 9.30. After the mid-day meal, work begins again at 2 p.m. The prisoners return for supper at a quarter past six, and are usually employed on lighter work again from seven to eight. Everybody has to be inside the barracks by eight. At 9 p.m. all lights are turned out, all the windows are closed and nobody is allowed to talk. A prisoner who leaves the barrack after this time is shot. There was formerly a Catholic and a Protestant service every Sunday, but this was given up. The prisoners who attended were usually punished or maltreated, and the visiting clergymen were informed that none of the prisoners was 'interested' any longer in religious services.

II

It is while they work that the prisoners are particularly maltreated. The S.S. men or their officers have instructions about which of the prisoners should be badly used. 'Race-degraders' come off worst. One of the officers, by name Max Schmidt, who has been

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at Dachau since 1933, is notorious for his bestialities, which usually begin while the prisoners march out of the camp to their work. They are forced to sing songs like *My Heart is Full of Joy*. Then, under some pretext, the storm-troopers kick the prisoners with their boots or hit them in the face.

When work begins, the chosen victims are maltreated on the pretext that they are slacking. They have to lie face down in mud or nettles, are kicked ('sex-offenders' especially on the testicles) or prodded with knives. Covered with mud, exhausted, bleeding, they return to the camp, where they are reported for laziness. In the evening they are brought into a special hut outside the prisoners' camp and are beaten again by a whole troop of S.S. men, while they have sometimes to count the blows in a loud voice.

Every man arriving at the camp for the second time is flogged and confined to a dark cell for at least a month before he is allowed to enter the general camp. Since the coming of the present commandant, Loritz, conditions have become even worse than in 1933. He invented the system of beating prisoners in front of the others. He is a former policeman and shares the work by personally unfastening the trousers of the victim, and even giving the first blows himself. After his floggings, the men frequently faint.

For lesser offenses men used to be fastened with their arms round trees in Red Indian manner. This punishment was abandoned as, after half an hour, the men usually began to shriek like animals in pain. As an alternative, they are lashed to a post with a placard round their neck, giving the reason for this treatment.

Prisoners may send their families a postcard every fortnight. All letters they receive or write are censored, and letters are often returned to the prisoners for little reason. The prisoners are not allowed to see any relatives or friends, and only in exceptional cases their lawyer.

Murders in the camp by the guards reached their maximum probably in 1933, and after June 30, 1934. But, even now, prisoners are often killed in the camp. Recently one man in the cells was beaten by the storm-troopers and subsequently bitten to death by the bloodhounds. Another prisoner was beaten to death by S.S. men, while one of them, a man of decent antecedents, burned the victim in the face with his lighted cigarette.

Unsuccessful suicide is punished with thirty lashes and thirty days in a dark cell. The uncertainty of the duration of their confinement in Dachau makes many prisoners try to commit suicide. There is no rule: a man found guilty of a trivial offense, but with little influence outside the camp, may stay in Dachau for years. The minimum confinement is for three months. Christmas is a bad period. Last year the storm-troopers rushed into the camp in the evening, drunk, and drove the naked prisoners out to do physical drill.

The doctor in charge of the camp hospital is a storm-trooper by the name of Ostermeier. He proudly says of himself that he is a storm-trooper first, and a doctor second. This seems to be true, as his chief work is to examine the prisoners before they are flogged, to see how much they can stand.

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Mr. Philby, who was converted to Islam, writes of Mecca and the Arabs.

I Live *in* Mecca

By H. St. John Philby

From the *Listener*
Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

I SHALL soon be back in my little house in Mecca with its garden full of pleasant green shrubs and flowers that bloom all the year. I shall at least be warm. In Mecca we do not know what frost means and, of course, we never have fires except in the kitchens. In summer it sometimes gets rather hot, but then those of us who can escape go into the mountains around Taif: mountains 7,000 and 8,000 feet high with fertile valleys full of fruit trees—apricots in the spring, figs and prickly pears in the early summer, followed by grapes of excellent quality, peaches, and above all, pomegranates. The pomegranates of Taif are said by their growers to be the best in the world.

What strikes one most, perhaps, in the day-to-day life of Arabia—whether in the towns or in the desert—is what one may call its standardization. Everyone, for example, drinks coffee without sugar and no Arab would dream of taking tea without it. The arrival of a guest is an automatic signal for the preparation of a feast, even in a household which may have gone without dinner for reasons of economy. Often, indeed, the guest, arriving weary from a long journey, goes to bed before dinner is ready, but he is awakened to dine whatever the hour may be. And it is not only the guest who is so looked after. If he has arrived on horseback or by camel, the first thought of his host is to provide fodder for his mount. If he has servants with him they share the same hospitality without distinction of rank or grade.

The Arab day is parceled out into conventional sections. The five periods of daily prayers form the recognized dividing lines. The normal work of the day—be it office work or shopkeeping or commerce—is transacted between dawn and noon. A man is then free to join his domestic circle until the afternoon prayer about 4 p.m. From then till the evening prayer there is more work or shopping or the exchanging of visits between friends and acquaintances. In Arabia, of course, the women do not share in the public life of the

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men. The privacy of the house is jealously guarded, and like the Englishman of the pre-telephone days, the Arab can truly claim that 'his home is his castle.'

It matters little to him what or where that home is. In the cities it may be a palatial mansion or a shanty roughly constructed of wattle or brushwood within a wall of kerosene tins beaten out flat and joined together in large sheets. In the desert it may be the huge black tabernacles of the great Sheikhs, made of goat's hair or sheep's wool woven by the womenfolk, or tiny shelters of the same material not bigger than the bivouac tents familiar to our soldiers and hikers. In the mountainous country it may be a mere cave in the hillside or a hovel built up of rough masonry. But, whatever the shape or size of such a home, it is the family mansion, the center of a domestic life which has grown up through the centuries without any need for change.

Arabia is, of course, a kind country in all respects but one. Its climate is a mild one—never very cold and never very hot. Its desert provides cheap pasture for the flocks and herds which form the stock-in-trade of the Arabs. The only trouble is water. The Arab moves from well to well, and sometimes he finds that one has run dry; so he moves on to the next one. It is perhaps not unnatural that he pictures paradise as a land of running streams. He does not think of flowers and beautiful scenery, but only of water that insures the bliss of a community of manly men and beautiful women.

Drought is the great enemy. The Arab concentrates all his care on his sheep and goats and camels. As long as they have water and pasture, all is well. Man himself and his family can exist uncomplainingly on the shortest possible commons. Often enough there is only milk—and literally nothing else—to sustain them for days on end. As long as there is milk, there is no complaint; but the milk supply depends on the state of the pastures. When they fail, the Arab tightens his belt and talks of the better days of the past and the future. But it grieves him to see the shrinking hump and the listless gait of his camels and to hear the hungry bleating of his sheep. He prays for rain, and when his prayer is answered, he is as happy as a sand boy in the frolicking of his camels and the skipping of his rams. At such times he builds his castles in Spain, planning to sell his surplus milk and butter in the great cities, his surplus lambs for the pilgrimage sacrifices. Then he will bring back new clothes and trinkets to his wife and children, and there will be joy in the desert camp at his homecoming.

II

It is now nearly eight years since I first became a citizen of Mecca. Like the Rome of St. Paul, it is indeed 'no mean city.' The proverb has it that all roads lead to Rome. That is almost true of Mecca. It is the hub of the Islamic world, and it is literally true that all Islamic eyes turn to Mecca every day—not once but five times every day. Every day of their lives the two hundred million Moslems of the world turn toward Mecca when saying their prayers. And once every year about two hundred thousand Moslems wend their way from every corner of the earth to take part in the great pilgrimage which was instituted by

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the Prophet Mohammed over thirteen hundred years ago.

It is the proud boast of His Majesty the King of Saudi Arabia, the guardian of the Holy Places, that the ceremonial of the pilgrimage is still carried out in exactly the same way as it was in Mohammed's day. It is true that automobiles and even airplanes now make it a good deal easier for the pilgrims than it used to be. But far more important from their point of view is the peace and security which the present King has conferred upon a country which had never known such luxuries before his time. But the King, who has provided for the pilgrims all comfortable forms of transport to facilitate their pilgrimage, makes a point himself of riding to the scene on a camel as the Prophet did in his time, wearing the same simple garments as the poorest pilgrims—just the two white shrouds prescribed by custom, with nothing on his head to protect him from the sun during a ceremony lasting from noon till sunset.

Soon after I get back to Mecca the pilgrimage will be taking place—my eighth successive pilgrimage. I look forward to that with great pleasure, for I shall ride in the King's cavalcade—the huge white-robed throng of his escort all mounted on camels. It is difficult to imagine a more impressive ceremonial procession, especially on the return journey after dark when the thousands of white figures bobbing up and down to the gait of their camels suggest a cavalcade of ghosts making its way along the valley winding among the Meccan mountains. At Muzdalifa, halfway back to Mecca, we stop for dinner and a night's sleep. And when the King has dined with his company, his heralds go forth into the highways and byways to summon the poorer pilgrims to finish up the ample remains of the royal table. On those days of the pilgrimage no man goes hungry. The poor are well looked after—it is, indeed, always so in Arabia.

Life at Mecca is probably not very different from life elsewhere. It tends of course, to center around the Great Mosque and the pilgrims who come to visit it. But the pilgrims are not very different from tourists, and the various localities connected by tradition with the early history of Islam are not unlike the sights that American and European tourists flock to see in such cities as Cairo or Rome or Istanbul. A good or bad pilgrimage corresponds economically with a good or bad tourist season. Tourist agents of every sort and touts and money-changers and purveyors of souvenirs abound to tempt the unwary visitor to spend his money.

The essential difference between Mecca and any other important tourist center is that in Mecca there is no frivolity. There are no cinemas or theaters or night clubs to while away the hours of darkness. The day begins at dawn with prayers in the Great Mosque and ends two hours after sunset with similar prayers. The night is dedicated to sleep, except at the palace, where the King sits to a late hour discussing affairs of state and the news of the world with his Ministers and those others who have the valued privilege of private *entrée*.

III

The King himself sleeps but little, and has little need of sleep. He is the hardest-worked man in his kingdom and those who are privileged, like my-

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self, to have his friendship cannot fail to recognize the essential greatness of the man who has made modern Arabia.

Simplicity is the keynote of his character. For ceremony and ostentation he has no liking. He is never happier than when sitting in public audience in the great hall of the palace, where all his subjects are free to approach him. On such occasions many members of his large family—his brothers or sons or nephews or cousins —are always in attendance. If lunch or dinner is announced, everyone present in court at the time is welcome to his hospitality. 'Food!' says the King, 'let those who are hungry come with me.' So we all troop in behind him to the banqueting hall in his private apartments to partake of the feast—very simple but excellently cooked, served on large trays of palm matting spread on the floor. Everyone sits down together—the King and his guests, retainers, servants and slaves.

It may all sound very easy and ideal. But I don't want you to think that the King has had an easy time of it. Today we merely see the results of a lifetime of struggle and turmoil. It is now nearly forty years since Ibn Saud, then a young man in exile, set forth on his career of kingship. The Arabs are not an easy people to rule. Their tribal organization was essentially centrifugal and anarchic. War was the very essence of Bedouin life and the greatest achievement of Ibn Saud is the fact that he has weaned the nomad tribes of the Arabian peninsula from their natural turbulence and turned their great energies into the paths of peace. Arabia is indeed a very different country to what it was when I first went there twenty years ago. And the credit for this transformation belongs to Ibn Saud.

Even in Arabia, once famous for reaction and isolation, progress is the order of the day. Islam, however, does not shrink from comparison with other religions on the score of its ethical teaching. That teaching is the sheet-anchor of Arabia, accepted by the Arabs without question as the law governing their lives. The King is the interpreter of that law. But the law itself is the ultimate sovereign power as laid down specifically in the constitution of Saudi Arabia. While Europe may look askance at certain aspects of Islam law—for instance, polygamy and the facility of divorce—Arabia looks with amazement and incredulity on certain features of European civilization. In Arabia, religion is still the prime motive of human conduct. Its very simplicity is a challenge to the complexity of the West.

Generally speaking, Ibn Saud is ready to accept for, and introduce into, his country anything and everything good that European civilization has to offer. But, because of tradition, he must proceed slowly. The cinema, for all its educational possibilities, has been denied admittance to Arabia on account of its obviously disagreeable features. Even the radio, owing to its excessive devotion to frivolous music, has only slowly received recognition as having greater virtues than vices, and I am speaking now with the knowledge that my remarks are being heard and recorded in Arabia. In a few minutes after the conclusion of this talk His Majesty himself will be listening to a translation of it in open court, and, if I have erred from the path of truth, I shall be told of my errors on my return to Mecca.

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Deputy Bergery warns France that the weakness of the State and its tolerance of illegality lead to Fascism; Correspondent Philip is not alarmed.

French Uncertainties

I. Liberty or Authority?

By Gaston Bergery

Translated from the *Flèche*, Paris Liberal Weekly

NO ONE should be surprised when new waves of strikes sweep over France, for our fundamental problems, both economic and political, remain unsolved. Since that is so, strikes and still more strikes are psychologically and economically inevitable. They are only the irrepressible manifestations of the contradictions inherent in the Popular Front.

It may be that Premier Chautemps, through his characteristic skill, elasticity, tolerance and rather facile outbursts of energy, will succeed in solving one by one the difficulties which keep on arising. But the real problem cannot be solved in any such manner. The discharge of a worker, or the refusal to raise wages are only superficial causes for strikes, and the resumption of work is only a superficial solution. In reality, our strikes present two distinct problems of extreme gravity. First, there is the economic problem, and in this field we must realize that our life is no longer normal. It has become an endless race between wages and the rising cost of living. Second, there is the political problem, which involves the whole question of liberty and authority. This problem must be considered, and that promptly, if we want to save democracy in France, that is to say, the government of the people by the people.

It is impossible for a liberal-minded person not to believe in the right to work, which implies the right to stop working. I agree that this right is not tenable if it is abused, and the juridical theory of 'abused rights' is thrust upon us every day. Yet one cannot say that the workers 'abuse' their right to strike when they use it to protect their wages, since their purchasing power is imperiled more and more

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every day by the rising prices. So much we must say in defense of freedom.

It has also become necessary, unfortunately, to come to the defense of authority, which is likewise an essential element in our society, at least until such time as perfect men will inhabit a perfect world and require no government to rule over them. Can it be denied that the recent strikes have challenged the principle of authority —that the strikers have infringed the rights of the employers? I don't believe that at this stage we can disassociate authority in principle from that which I would call disciplinary, which has to do with the rights of employing and discharging. If we think that this dual power should no longer remain in the hands of the capitalists, let us change our present form of government. But we should not pretend to maintain a certain form of government and the same time prevent it from functioning.

II

Let us take up next the matter of the State authority. Here the situation is even more serious. It is a fact that the occupation of a factory by strikers is an illegal act. I can understand the building of a governmental system under which it could be made legal; but I see great danger in proclaiming it illegal and yet tolerating it. And I see a still graver danger in using force to bring about the evacuation of such a factory but in withdrawing it when the workers seem resolved to resist.

This is only another example of weakness which is a characteristic of our domestic as well as of our foreign policy. The State gives way before the organized proletariat, just as it has given way, and will continue to give way, before any determined cartel of bankers. The idea of the State—in the democracies, at least—is degenerating.

I should like to see the State intervene as little as possible, but to demonstrate its sovereign authority when it finds it necessary to do so. The spectacle of the State bowing before the will of any private interest affects me like a personal injury, and, paradoxical as this may seem at first glance, it strikes me as an intolerable assault on liberty—my liberty. My feeling of resentment against this challenge to my liberty is the same, whether I witness an infringement of common right, as when some gangster defies the people of the United States, or a repulsive financial coalition perpetrates blackmail on the country's money, or even if the attempt comes from the class which claims all our sympathies—the working class. For here there is no place for either sympathy or antipathy. It is a question of upholding or abandoning the principle of authority, which is the guarantee of our freedom.

Let me quote two examples which I have already cited before the Chamber of Deputies. In 1934, when the reactionary Croix de Feu was giving us trouble, everybody felt that it was futile to call the police because the police could not be counted on—since the Croix de Feu was involved. In 1936, when certain illegal actions—the great strikes—took place, it was felt that it was useless to appeal to the government, because it would not dare lift a finger in a case where the unions were involved. In one case as in the other, I was conscious of intolerable humiliation.

Perhaps I am more sensitive than

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others on the question of State authority. But I refuse to admit that I am the only one who feels that way. And this is what is important, for a personal reaction has no significance except in so far as it expresses a trend of public opinion—without doubt outdoing and exaggerating it.

This particular trend, so widespread in Europe, may, I believe, be fatal for France. It was in the name of liberty, and against the tyranny of the republican cliques, that Bonaparte dictated his proclamation of the 18th Brumaire. Whether he was sincere or not, Bonaparte took advantage of the current of public opinion against the rivalry of special interests.

It was the growing number of strikes, the tolerance of illegality, the feeling that Government was powerless against the coalition of political or economic interests that has brought Fascism to Europe. This was particularly true of its first appearance—in post-War Italy. Thus, in a paradoxical but inevitable fashion, the very meaning of liberty may be put to the use of Fascism. On the day when this perversion of the true sense of liberty is effected in France, our liberty will disappear.

II. The Question of Efficiency

By Percy Philip

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

In its application the Third Republic has done extremely well. Despite the difficulties of these twenty years since the War it has better than most governments assured the material needs of its citizens in just measure according to their labor. Recently, with the forty-hour law and paid vacations, it has made new advances. Perhaps, if national efficiency and not human liberty and comfort is to be considered the end and aim of all our effort, there has been some exaggeration. Certainly by adopting their improved social laws at this time of acute 'national' competition the French have handicapped themselves. But it remains to be seen if they have not, as they have so often done in time past, set a standard and example for others to follow.

And against what disadvantage there may be for national efficiency in the forty-hour week, etc., I would urge this advantage of the French Republican régime—that it has gone far toward satisfying the spiritual aspirations of its people. Every man's creed is his own affair. So are his ideas, and, in judging all actions which are political in origin, or the result of human belief or passion, the law always strains backward, liberally, lest it might fail in justice and equity—perhaps too much so at times.

The only compulsions that the citizen must accept are compulsory education and compulsory military service. Among Frenchmen the conception of the citizen army, which began with the Revolution, is fundamentally just inasmuch as it calls for equality of sacrifice. Every Frenchman, whatever his social rank and fortune, must don the blue uniform of the private soldier and do his two

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years of service. Perhaps that is what has developed that sense of equality and fraternity which distinguishes the French from most other peoples.

Your ordinary Frenchman may abuse and take advantage of the Republic. He may think it right to compromise with the law and make his income-tax declaration accord with his personal opinion as to what he should justly pay. He may consider that his particular interests come before the general interest of the State. He may become occasionally intoxicated with his power and 'right' to control the State. But the Republic and France remain separate conceptions in his mind. He is a free man in the Republic. If he observes its laws it is of his own consent. But toward France he has obligations and owes loyalty. For her he will forget party quarrels, fight, die, even work and pay taxes if necessary.

II

Like all systems of government, the French will not bear very close investigation. It is riddled with imperfections and absurdities as are all human systems. Perhaps it is just because it is so human in those imperfections that it suits the French so well and has lasted so long. For the French Constitution is a complete series of compromises which, some claim, leads inevitably to a continuous cascade of errors. That is possibly true, but there one comes to what is fundamental in the French system of government. It was so devised as to make impossible any major error, and especially the continuity of error through any one man's misjudgment or ambition such as may now occur elsewhere. The French tried totalitarianism in the forms '*L'État c'est moi*' and '*Vive l'Empereur.*' So they decided that whatever errors might result they would never again commit the basic error of putting all their eggs in one basket and trusting one man or any small group of men too much or too long.

The authority of a French Government is very limited because it exists by virtue of a compromise, which can never be more than temporary, between it and the component parts of its majority. The result of all this is that it is really Parliament which rules France. Usually it is the Chamber of Deputies. But in theory, and to a large extent in practice, the people are sovereign and their deputies, senators and even Ministers are only delegated rulers whose tenure of authority is inevitably a constant nervous effort to satisfy and often to placate their electors.

From the viewpoint of national efficiency that is not a very desirable situation. Without the driving force of an assertive government there is bound to be a certain appearance, at least, of indifference to national interests. And the situation has been complicated by three very important factors. There was the fact that France lost a higher percentage than any other country in the War of men who would now be in their forties and at their full productive strength. Secondly, she has never since the War been able to reëstablish her old financial position, and the long protracted struggle to restore a steady value to the franc and a fair interest rate on Government paper has been wearing on the nerves and harmful to industry. Thirdly, the French workers have from the outset been more receptive to

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the ideals of Communism, as distinct from its application in Russia, than almost any other people.

Those three factors have all contributed to make France appear abroad less efficient than some others whose methods are excused perhaps too much in admiration of their material progress. Where the French are also at a disadvantage when contrasted with their totalitarian neighbors is that they are not so good at window dressing and bragging about their accomplishments. One never sees those paid mass meetings of uniformed citizens marching in step, giving the impression of force and discipline, accepting the same orders, cheering the same leaders, all thinking and doing the same thing if they think at all. That kind of parading is confined to the army, and anyone who has had a chance to see the modern French army at maneuvers or on parade will assure you that the totalitarian reproach of incoherence and lack of discipline in the Republic does not apply in the army.

France is a country of egotists. The big men in the labor confederation, in these last two years, have been trying to set themselves up as a kind of second government. But that's just what the present trouble is all about. Personally I think they've been bluffing a lot. The bankers and their kind are just as bad. When they don't like a government they start pulling down the franc. What the present government is doing is trying to reëstablish the authority of the administration over these rather troublesome sections of the community. Its difficulty is that it's so much in debt and so vulnerable. But I think it will succeed, or if it does not, one of its immediate successors will, and France will then be found to have moved another step nearer that perfect balance between liberty and authority for which she is always searching and in which lies the best guarantee of national efficiency.

Franco's Eyes

Franco's face flashes and lights up everything. The eyes of the Caudillo are a curious phenomenon. His glance is always luminous, but there are times when there appears in his pupils a spark of resplendence, and then, by what appears to be a miracle, a sudden profusion of light almost blinds one, as when a powerful searchlight is focused on one's face at night.

— El Tebib Arrumi in the *Heraldo de Aragon*, Saragossa

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At the Chancellery in Vienna, Austria is proud, confident, democratic; at the ski-hotel in the Tyrol, she is hopeless, hungry and oppressed.

Two Austrias

I. Schuschnigg Talks

By Kees van Hoek

From the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post*, London Conservative Daily

[*Chancellor Schuschnigg's submission to German and Italian pressure since he granted the following interview indicates how little control Austria has over her own fate. Schuschnigg could not have been ignorant of her peril, and the defiant attitude toward the Nazis which he revealed to van Hoek may well have been calculated to gain the most favorable terms possible from Hitler.* The Editors.]

IN THE heart of Vienna, a stone's throw from the gay shopping streets full of the pleasant chatter of chic Viennese, stands a cream-colored, baroque building. It is the old Metternich Palace, where Congress danced in 1815, and since the War the Federal Chancellery, where 'Millimetternich' Dollfuss was murdered in 1934.

This erstwhile center of a powerful family of nations is now a small country, barely three-fifths of England's size and with hardly 6½ million inhabitants. Situated in the heart of Central Europe, it has become a buffer State which keeps the Teutonic, Romanic and Slav races apart.

Kurt von Schuschnigg, Federal Chancellor of Austria, is hardly 40, but the full crop of hair, with its correct parting, is already completely gray. His face is aristocratic of cut, his eyes are cool and aloof, his cheeks have the healthy tan of a sportsman who swims and rides daily.

He comes of a family of soldiers; his father, a general, forced the Piave at the head of his brigade and gained the Austrian *Verdienst-Kreuz*. The son fought in all the battles of the Italian front until, the disintegration of the Monarchy having already set in, he was taken prisoner by the British a week before the Armistice.

'Our generation,' recalls my host, quietly, and there is a trace of sadness

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in his slow, cultured voice, 'has had no youth. I was at the front when I was 17. I came back aged and had to earn my living while studying.'

In his early thirties, Schuschnigg, a discovery of that great Chancellor, Mgr. Seipel, became Minister of Justice, to which later the portfolio of Education was added.

When the day of reckoning came, that ghastly day of July 25, 1934—when the *Putschists* took possession of the Chancellery and Dollfuss lay for three hours on a sofa in his room bleeding to death from a bullet in his throat, refused either doctor or priest—the dying Chancellor's friend and closest confidant became executor of his political testament.

II

'In Austria,' said the Chancellor, 'there could not be dictatorship: it is too un-Austrian. But neither could we have the same parliamentary democracy as in England. Parliament never really functioned here: in the old Monarchy it was a veritable battlefield for the nationalities, and in recent years party quibbles completely paralyzed the Austrian Diet.

'But what really *is* democracy? If it means a complete equality of the people, its right to regulate its own life and that of the State, then we are democrats. Our new constitution is based upon the democratic principle, although eliminating the parliamentary treatment of public affairs from the sphere of party strife. We can never go back to the party system, undoing all we have achieved at such great sacrifices, allowing again the extremes of Communism or a Nazi party whose avowed aim it was to destroy Austria. As we have no longer a party system, there can be no question of ever accepting Nazi representatives in the Cabinet.'

The Chancellor stirs in his chair as his hand reaches out toward his box of red-tipped cigarettes. He explains slowly:—

'An absolute abyss separates Austria from Nazism. We do not like arbitrary power; we want law to rule our freedom. We reject uniformity and centralization and insure autonomy to our free provinces. Christendom is anchored in our very soil and we know but one God—and that is not the State, or the nation, or that elusive thing, race. Our children are God's children, not to be abused by the State. We abhor terror; Austria has always been a humanitarian State. As a people we are tolerant by predisposition.'

'Internationally,' I had asked the Chancellor, 'you are in favor of the *status quo?*'

Dr. von Schuschnigg leans forward over his desk. He speaks slowly, emphasizing every word. 'I wasn't in 1918,' he admits with a wan smile, 'but today,' and he puts down his hand flatly on the papers in front of him, 'I am most decidedly in favor of it.

'Any change now could only be for the worse. Our foreign policy, defined by our specific civilization and our geographic position, has only one purpose—to enable our people to live and to get its share of prosperity. That is quite possible within the framework of our present State.

'I do not mind admitting,' continues the Chancellor, 'that I have great sympathy for Mussolini, recognizing that he has never made the slightest attempt to interfere with our

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foreign or our domestic affairs. Any suggestion that we are drawn in Italy's wake is pure invention.'

'Are you in favor of the monarchy?'

The Chancellor responds at once. 'I am a monarchist by tradition and conviction. Our adversaries have tried to put all the sins committed in pre-War Austria on the shoulders of the Hapsburgs; in fairness, Austria had to swing back to a better perspective. But I cannot take the action which some of my supporters urge.

'A restoration is for the time being impossible. To recall Otto today would mean serious complications, not only with the Little Entente, or with Germany perhaps, but an excuse for a general conflagration. That is something to which I can never be a party. Conditions must develop gradually; every patriot has to accept the régime which divides least.

'For one reason: the Hapsburg question must not be allowed to block the reconstruction of Central Europe. It was a logical, but tragic, consequence of the breakdown of the Empire which followed the War that resentment remained between the Succession States. I am happy to say that this period belongs to the past. The relations between the Danubian States have never since 1918 been so good as today, and I hope that the growing conviction of our common interests will some day bear results which will mean much for the future peace of Europe.'

III

The Chancellor had been seated most of the time squarely in his high-backed chair. Only very occasionally his hand fumbled with his soft collar or the little ribbon in the buttonhole of his blue serge suit. All the emphasis lay in the modulation of his voice or in the glance of his gray-blue eyes, now dreamy, now suddenly hardening into steel.

'I read Goethe daily,' the Chancellor remarks suddenly. 'All the problems with which we have to wrestle today have been wrestled with before. History repeats itself. It has known excesses of democracy and of dictatorship.'

Then, with a sly twinkle behind the frameless spectacles, and just a curl at the corner of his expressive mouth: 'It is a *bêtise* to proclaim an order of things to last "a thousand years." How can anyone speak so boldly one odd century after Napoleon?

'We feel common ties with Germany, just as an Italian-speaking Swiss feels toward Italy, or the Fleming toward Holland and the Walloon toward France. But we remain ourselves alone.

'In preserving Austria's historic mission in Central Europe we can continue to render great service to the German people as a whole. But not with an *Anschluss*, in which Austria would become a second Bavaria, sinking to the level of the province. Instead, we are the bridge between two great cultures of which, for instance, Salzburg, with its Italian arches and its German tiled roofs, seems to me the typical incarnation.'

The Chancellor has risen. I look around his study; between the graceful marble columns on the warm veloured paneling hangs the death-mask of his predecessor, with an expression that is indelibly and invincibly happy.

'His martyrdom was the starting point for our new future. He gave

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Austria back her soul, her faith in her own future,' concludes Dr. Schuschnigg.

In the adjoining room a small red devotion lamp burns before a *Mater Dolorosa*, which a Tyrolean officer gave to Dollfuss after the first attempt on his life and which later stood on his writing desk. It now marks the spot where he fell, in a building in which never more a Congress will dance, consecrated as it is by his memory.

Such is the atmosphere of the Chancellery where Kurt von Schuschnigg assumed—gradually and unostentatiously—his firm guardianship of the Austrian State, and gained the admiration of the world. Here he has succeeded in giving the independence of his country a new significance; finding it a subject of speculation, he has made it a dogma of European politics.

II. Ski-Hotel

From *Time and Tide*, London Independent Weekly

SKI-HOTEL, 5,000 feet up, its nearest village a sheer drop of a thousand feet below. 'So nice, coming to Austria,' said the New York woman, 'every country seems to be getting so difficult. French strikes, Spain's Civil War, Germany, Italy—where can one go? But, thank heaven there are no politics in Austria. They just let visitors enjoy themselves.'

I carelessly hummed the *Internationale* as the ski-man fastened my buckles. 'Don't do that,' he implored, 'it may get us all into trouble.' An Austrian girl in the hotel had been in England. She had sent home a Low cartoon about Dollfuss, while he was alive—innocent enough, but stressing his smallness. Two years later, in a raid on students the police found this cartoon among her brother's papers in his desk. . . . Brother imprisoned for six weeks, dismissed from the university, not allowed to study or teach in Austria.

The mountain area round this hotel, I was told, was overwhelmingly Nazi. One reason given was that the Nazis were against the priests. The Catholic Church controls every detail of life in the valleys. Schuschnigg is regarded as the mere instrument of the Church. 'The Vatican is working out methodically the Ratti dream of a Central European clerical State,' said a professor staying at the hotel. 'Austria, which the Vatican holds, is one buttress. Spain was intended to be the other.'

It sounded odd to a stranger, but there was no doubting the local reaction to it. In the village, the posters of Schuschnigg's Fatherland Front were not only behind glass, but thick glass protected by strong wire netting, firmly padlocked. All the civil servants had had to agree to a deduction from wages to pay for the inevitable plaque in the inevitable Dollfussplatz. The heavy padlock seemed to symbolize how the Fatherland Front held its power. But the American lady driving down in a sleigh to dance at the Sport-hotel wouldn't notice a little thing like that. There are no politics in Austria!

'What do these peasants think they will get from the Nazis, and what do

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than whether the hot water would hold out, and the cleaning of skis and boots. They didn't hate England—on the contrary—but as far as their problems were concerned they simply counted England out. So what rival has Nazi Germany?

Someone brought in a copy of the Viennese *Neue Freie Presse*—we were entirely dependent on such casual incidents for our news. Some prominence was given to a speech by Mr. George Lansbury. A Hungarian doctor—quietly reactionary in his conversation over coffee—brought this to the English table. 'That is the only sense that is being talked about Europe in your country,' he said. 'Half the money the English have already spent on armaments—not even that but just a willingness to help the hungry—and there would be no need for your battleships. England is building to keep what she has got. The hungry nations will drag her down to perdition with them.'

The 'hungry nations, the hungry people'—over and over again the phrase was used, at the *skiraum*, in the kitchens, on the stairs, wherever the politically-minded English visitor would stop and talk in confidence. Here is the key to the tangled situation. While we talk about 'have-not nations' in England, clever men write articles to prove that colonies don't benefit anyone. Britain just arms to keep hers out of pure altruism. But these sinking peoples are not hungry for colonies. They want bread and work. 43,000 rations in Vienna for food distribution and only the poorest need apply. How will colonies heal that sore?

'Something must be done.' It echoes from the little shops, from the kitchens, from the fortunate few who can earn by keeping visitors happy—and there are so many mouths to feed from those precious tips.

'Shall I have to tip these servants? The 10 per cent is all that is needed now isn't it?' said the well-to-do New Yorker. And I thought of Anna, and Luke, and Gerhardt, and how little even of the 10 per cent actually filtered through to them. How eagerly they gave extra service, just in the hope.

'But would it really inconvenience you to give some individual tips?' I asked her, surveying all the costly equipment gathered at the sleigh. 'It's the principle of the thing, my dear,' she replied. 'And besides, they don't really like you to do it. Austrians are so proud.'

It Just Happened

Surely everyone knows that the most remarkable thing about this great Empire is the fact that nearly all our overseas possessions literally fell into our lap, and in many cases were acquired with the greatest reluctance.

—Major-General L. C. Dunsterville, in a letter to *Royal Central Asian Society Journal*

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you expect?' I asked a harassed student, trying to earn his college fees by hotel service.

'Austria is too small; we can't stand alone.' He brought me cuttings from the local paper; 43,000 rations of goulasch and bread distributed by the Army in Vienna. Only class A—the very poorest—were given tickets. 43,000!

'And Vienna is not the worst,' said the student who came from Styria. 'The unemployment and hunger in our town are frightful. To whom can we turn? Britain gives loans to the clerical reactionary Government of Schuschnigg. France will do nothing. The Socialists were crushed. They might have taken power if they had really wanted it—now they are helpless. Where can we turn? Tell me.'

And what could I suggest? The League of Nations has done a lot for Austria in the past, given it everything except the land which could feed Vienna. Hopelessly I named it. Another student—from Geneva—roared with laughter. 'The Swiss are expecting the end of the League any time now,' he explained, 'They have even named the doctors and staff who will take over the League buildings as chief military hospital when war breaks out.'

The students from Switzerland were full of that country's rearmament. 'Look for the little metal squares on every important bridge in Switzerland,' they said. 'We can blow up every bridge electrically now.' They spoke of the anti-tank defenses on the road from the end of the Basel tram-lines, all the way to Neuchâtel. Iron gates that can be lifted by machinery in front of an invading army have been placed on the roads near the frontier.

'German Switzerland is torn between their Nazis, and the growing fear of Germany,' said the very sober professor who was not himself Swiss. Clearly he felt the pull of the German magnet growing stronger. He made no protest when the students talked enthusiastically of the armament in the St. Gothard area: 'Food and munitions stored for at least a year,' they declared.

No doubt, skiers gaily sailing over those slopes will come back to say how peaceful is Switzerland. No politics; the only interest is to make money out of visitors. Or another repetition of the old cry 'The Italian trains run on time since the Fascists marched on Rome.'

II

It is impossible, when in Central Europe, not to feel the tension. And it is only secondarily political. Sheer hunger in some districts, poverty, insecurity in others is the driving force. 'Our young men have to go away,' wail the women. 'There is no work here.'

The fuss our M.P.'s have made in the Commons about anti-British propaganda seems curiously inept here. No one is worried much about anything the Italians say on the radio. Anyway it is not necessary.

'The name of Britain doesn't count here now—not because she is weak, but because she is selfish. We know she won't help anyone. The Fascists do at least help their own side, but who has lifted a finger to save democracy in Austria?' said the man who had come on skis, from somewhere over the hill. The staff was eager to talk to any English visitor who seemed interested in other things

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A tale of the Irish countryside in the struggle against the Blacks and Tans.

The Women *of* Magheraliffe

By Jim Phelan

From the *Left Review*
London Marxist Monthly

DOWN in Magheraliffe there was crying. At Ballaree, far away on the Clare side, there had been an ambush the day before. Three lorries of the Imperial Force had run into a barricade of stones, built across a bridge. While they struggled to extricate the cars, a land-mine had exploded below, sending bridge, lorries and men into the air in a tangle of wreckage and death. The survivors had been sniped by the revolutionaries, only two surrendering.

That was in Ballaree, over by Clare. But in Magheraliffe there was crying. For early that morning two lorries had whirled into the village, spouting death. Death and destruction and fire were behind, as the lorries drove away. Three hours only it had taken to rape the village, for the men were away nearly all. Over on the Clare side, maybe.

Sean O'Mulan had not gone to the hills with the men of the rebel column. He would not fight on the side of the rebellion, nor on any side, he had often said. Because he was fearless in his pacifism, the hard-eyed gun-boys had respected his refusal. Now his mother sat in a wreckage-strewn kitchen and cried. Over a poor broken thing, twisted and limp, with the black blood all sticky on it, and the dust of the lorry-dragging still on its rags, she cried.

Mihail Leregan had not gone with the boys either. Mihail was old, and he lived alone and kept the law. The priest had said that revolutionaries were accursed, and Mihail had never forgotten. Because he was old and afraid of the law, the boys had never pressed him, but left him to his beads and his books.

There was no crying in Mihail's house, for the ruins were still aflame. But on the road outside, a group of women knelt and prayed for his body in the blazing ruin.

All over Magheraliffe it was the same that day. Where a house was not in flames, there was death inside. Sometimes a house blazed, and there

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was death or worse inside too. Maura Keenan was alive, but she walked slowly and in pain, holding the remnants of her clothes about her. It was a long way to Ballaree by Clare, but one village was the same as another to the Imperial lorries. Thus there was crying in Magheraliffe.

Like driftwood sticks the women drew together in the center of the village street. Fearful question and fearful reply passed around the group.

In one way or another all had been injured. Two men and one woman were dead—Mihail Leregan's sister had tried to save him before the roof fell in. Toby Kane, the only rebel in the village, had been lying wounded at home. Toby had three more bullets in him now, but he was still alive.

He lay on a mattress outside the ruins of his cottage and looked, with the gathering women, up the road to the hills. The narrow winding road, up which the lorries had gone, went snaking across the low hills, to reappear faintly, far away, in the mountain pass behind.

Gradually the sobbing ceased, the questioning drew to a close. In silence the women drew closer around the mattress where only the eyes of Toby Kane had life. Molly Coolin, who had always hated the rebels, knelt by the bedside in silence, a scarf pinned over the torn front of her dress. Sheila Doon, whose husband wore khaki in India, held a glass of water to the dying rebel's lips.

While Kane tried to drink, an old woman came hurrying from the mountain end of the village. 'For God's sake, alanna,' she panted to Sheila, 'get the boy to talk. Two smokes there are showing on the pass; two smokes and a mirror shining twice.'

She knelt by the dying man.

'Ah, tell us, alanna,' she pleaded. 'Two smokes and a mirror shining. Is it coming back the lorries will be?'

Sheila gently pushed the old woman away. 'It is drinking he should be before he can talk,' she said. Then, to the women around, 'Is there *none* of ye know what it manes, that signal? Is there ne'er a rebel woman among ye all?'

There was silence, except for a tiny growling groan, a kind of hoarse humming noise, from the women around. While Sheila looked anxiously from face to face, a croaking, choking speech came from the man who was dying.

'Two,' he said with an effort. 'Two. . . . Mo' bi'. Get bridge.' The blood gurgled and rattled in his throat, and he fell back, to open his eyes a second later. 'Bridge,' he croaked again.

Without a word, Molly Coolin ran to the narrow bridge at the lower end of the village. Without a word, she carried a rock from the dry-stone wall at the side. Almost as she flung it in the middle of the road, another stone and another fell beside, as the hardy mountain women built the barricade. They worked swiftly and in silence, so that in less than five minutes a fence of stones barred the bridge.

As they hurried to hide behind the walls, the dying rebel's reading of the signals was justified. Over the ridge of the foothills two motorcycles came speeding, down toward the village and the bridge. As was the way of the men in black and tan, they whizzed through the village at added speed. Through the village, and round the curve to the bridge they sped, to destruction.

The women dragged them, wounded, from the wreckage of their machines,

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and hauled them to the center of the village. One could stand, and did stand, looking swiftly from side to side. The other had an injured leg, and lay in the dusty road, looking swiftly from side to side. He lay where a sort of furrow was ploughed in the dust—as if a sack or something had been dragged at the tail of a lorry. The women looked, and for a moment no one spoke.

Then Sheila Doon raised the revolver she had taken from the first man, and pointed it at him where he crouched in the middle of the road. Old Peggy O'Mulan raised the other man's revolver, slowly and tremblingly, until she covered the owner, lying in the dust. Still no one spoke.

The village women gathered close around the two with the revolvers. Those who had hated the rebels and those who had only hated the war pressed close, with the few whose half-reluctant sympathy had gone to rebel son or brother. The two men in uniform waited, peering to right and left.

As Sheila was pressing the trigger, another gasping call came from the man on the mattress. 'Not,' he choked. 'Not waste. Save—the bullets.'

A fiercer growl, this time, came from the crowd. 'Shoot them, shoot them,' screamed Molly Coolin, as she grabbed at the old woman's revolver. 'Shoot them quick.'

Sheila pushed her away. 'Wait, alanna,' she said quickly. 'The boy knows. These bullets mean life to our men.' She hesitated a second before she said 'our.'

'Shoot the murderers,' screamed an old woman, her blood-matted hair plastered in her eyes. 'Shoot the murderers,' yelled the women at the edge of the crowd, but Sheila snatched at old Peggy's revolver and hid the two firearms in her dress.

A harsh, screeching, yell came from the crowd of women. Hands clutched at the girl with the weapons, but she broke away and ran. A stone struck the uniformed man who stood in the road, and he fell across his companion. A shower of stones rained on the two, while the screaming of the women rang through the quiet valley. Then there was silence again.

When they looked at him, Toby Kane was dead, too. Trembling and crouched, half in panic, the women looked from the dead rebel to the two corpses on the road. Then one by one they grew calm, held themselves erect. Old Peggy O'Mulan bent and kissed the face of the dead man on the mattress.

'God rest his sowl,' she said, crossing herself. ' 'Tis a hard lesson we learned this day.'

Sheila Doon returned to the center of the crowd. 'There will be time to pray later,' she said slowly, looking at the faces around. Tensely, their eyes fixed on hers, the women waited for her to speak.

'Let ye move, with your things, into the houses that are whole,' she said, and a sigh of approval came from the gathering.

'First we will take Toby,' said a woman, and four of them raised the mattress.

'Aye,' said Sheila. 'Take Toby first.' She paused again, as if to sense the feeling of the crowd. Then she pointed to the limp figures in uniform lying among the stones.

'Throw those things away,' she said, 'and find someone to take a message to the—the boys.'

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Persons and Personages

Six Women of China

By Earl H. Leaf

From the *China Weekly Review*, Shanghai English-Language Weekly

I HAVE in mind an imaginary afternoon tea-party at, say, the luxurious and exclusive Park Hotel in Shanghai. It would be attended by six Chinese ladies: Soong Mei-ling, Soong Ching-ling, Soong Ai-ling, Kang Ke-ch'ing, Ho Tze-chun and Chiang Ping-tze.

The unusual personalities and achievements of the Soong sisters have been hailed abroad, although they are better known as Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Madame Sun Yat-sen and Madame H. H. Kung. The other three ladies are perhaps not so well known to the outside world, yet their careers are none the less remarkable. They can be more easily identified if they are called Madame Chu Teh, wife of the 'Red Napoleon,' Commander-in-Chief of the Eighth Route Army (ex-Red), Madame Mao Tse-tung, wife of the Chief of the Chinese Soviet Military Council, and Miss Ting Ling, China's foremost girl writer.

It would be a strange tea party: the exquisite Soong sisters, products of generations of aristocratic breeding in a family of merchant princes, and the trio of Communist women, Madame Chu Teh, ex-kitchen slave, Madame Mao Tse-tung, ex-farm girl and daughter of a petty local official in Kiangsi, and Miss Ting Ling, who lost a husband and a lover before firing squads during various Kuomintang 'campaigns against cultural banditry' and herself suffered imprisonment for her writings.

The Soongs in rustling silks or rich velvets, the Red trio in padded, ill-fitting army uniforms, facing each other across the tea-table, weighing, judging, studying each other. Polite tea-time chatter would find no place in the conversation of these six famous women, each a genius in her own way. Perhaps they could not overleap the gulf of social and economic differences that lie between them, although Madame Sun Yat-sen would be at equal ease on either side of the table.

The smooth, self-assured Madame Kung; the dynamic, trigger-thinking Madame Chiang; the ardent, beautiful Madame Sun; the active, brilliant Madame Chu Teh; the shy, gallant Madame Mao; the emotional Ting Ling with her Mona Lisa smile—ah, what a tea party and what a congress of female leadership! They fought and they hated for years, but old grudges are forgotten now as they unite in the struggle—sleek silk gown and padded cotton coat side by side. There would be no contest

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of wits or intellect at this gathering but only a seeking of a way to strengthen their country in its battle for self-determination.

MUCH has been written about the Soong sisters but little about the other members of our imaginary tea-party. On a visit to the Red capital last year, I had the opportunity of meeting and enjoying long conversations with them during the lazy April afternoons.

Kang Ke-ch'ing began life as a peasant girl, of a family so destitute that she could not be fed at home. Her parents rented her out as a servant, cowherd and cook. Slavery and drudgery was her only future in the small village of Wanan, Kiangsi. Now, at the age of twenty-six, she is the wife of Chu Teh. She is a teacher of political science in the Yunnan Red Army schools and teacher of military science to the Women Vanguards of the Red Army.

In between those periods are twelve years of political struggle and warfare by the side of her famous husband. Even as an ignorant peasant girl who could not read or write a single Chinese character and had never been out of her native village, she had the intelligence to know there was a broader horizon to life and she was determined to fight for it and for the rights of her equally oppressed sisters-in-slavery.

She deserted her scullery and organized the Women Vanguards of her district, becoming a director of the Women's Revolutionary Society. After many failures, and a term in prison, she finally organized more than 3,000 women, armed with everything from rifles to kitchen pots, who joined Mao and Chu when they appeared in that district in 1928. Close association with Chu Teh led to romance and they were married according to the Communist procedure.

During the first and second expeditions of the Nanking troops against the Reds, Madame Chu was in command of the Headquarters and Communications Guards. But she also found time to organize 200 women's cadres, and those provided many of the officers of the two battalions of Women Vanguards which, in Szechuen, defeated and disarmed a brigade of Provincial troops. Now she is with the Eighth Route Army in Shansi, participating in the guerrilla warfare being waged there by the Reds against the Japanese.

Like Hsi Shih, the ancient Queen of Wu, who was so delicate that she swayed as a reed sways in the slightest summer zephyr, Madame Mao Tse-tung, who prefers to be called Commander Ho Tze-chun, gives the impression of fragile daintiness far more fitted for the tea-table than the roar of cannon in front-line warfare.

Few people, seeing such a dainty lady, could believe that for ten years she has worn nothing but the simple uniform of the Red Army, that she has often borne weapons and munitions which weighed more

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than she did, fought at the front, carried wounded soldiers to field hospitals from the battle line, nursed the sick, comforted the dying, organized corps of women fighters and suffered almost fatal shrapnel wounds at the start of an 8,000 mile march from South to North China.

So intensely has she lived during the nine years she has been married to Mao Tse-tung that she had no time to rest even when swollen with child. Five children have been born to them in seven years and all were given to peasants along the route. At the start of the 'Long March,' she not only was with child, but was struck by a bomb from a Government plane and injured in twenty places. She still carries bits of shrapnel in her frail body.

She is now twenty-eight years old and her bitter experiences have not dimmed the spirit of this remarkable woman. She was born in Yungshan, Kiangsi, the daughter of a small landlord who went bankrupt in the 1911 revolution. Her sister married Mao Tze-tan, who was executed by Government troops in 1927, and herself disappeared from sight shortly thereafter. Then Mrs. Mao decided to dedicate her whole life to the cause of the revolution. She married Mao Tse-tung the following year and has never left his side since then, fighting in many battles from Kiangsu to Shensi.

Ting Ling, daughter of the petty gentry in Hunan Province, defied all Chinese conventions about woman's place in order to fight her way to the high road of literary achievement. Leftist tendencies resulted in the death of her husband, Hu Yeh-p'ing, who was executed by the Government in an early purge. More than twenty of her other friends were executed or disappeared and she herself spent more than a year in a Nanking prison, but she continued the struggle for what she considered right. Today she is reported to be with the Red Army in Shansi, making voluminous notes, between battles in preparation for writing the story of China's struggle as seen from the battlefield.

While every woman will not agree with the political ideas of these three Communist women, every one must admire their devotion to duty and spirit of self-sacrifice.

Lord Nuffield

By Basil Cardew

From the *Sunday Express*, London Independent Conservative Weekly

[*Lord Nuffield, who was knighted as recently as 1929, received a Viscounty among the last New Year's Honors. He is sometimes called 'the British Ford,' because he has employed mass-production methods to bring a low-*

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priced car within the reach of the moderately well-to-do Englishman. Having no heir, he has devoted a large part of his fortune to philanthropy. His gifts now total some $60,000,000. The following account was read and approved by Viscount Nuffield. THE EDITORS]

LORD Nuffield's object in giving me this interview was to put a stop to the gross inaccuracies recently published about his early life—the pious tales of 'Bill' Morris rising from the gutter, from unknown stock.

On the table beside me are three large, typewritten folios, bearing the family tree of the Morris family. This list of eighteen generations is supplied by the College of Heralds, an official body whose family probings are accepted by the courts of law.

First of all, let us rid our minds of the idea that Lord Nuffield was ever called Bill. Nobody ever writes about him without saying that his pals knew 'Bill' Morris, the cycle dealer. The strange fact is that his family and friends knew him by three tags only: Will, Willie or 'W. R. M.' He was never a Bill.

This may explain to several thousand scroungers why their begging letters to him have gone unanswered. Dozens reach him each month, starting: 'Dear Bill, you remember your old chum, etc.' Lord Nuffield or his secretary reads not another line. The tell-tale 'Bill' preamble stamps the appeal straight for the wastepaper basket. It is the clearest indication that the writer never knew him.

Here is another way these clever beggars trip up in dealing with Lord Nuffield. They write: 'You remember we were in the same class at school together . . .' and supply dates that dovetail with the days when the millionaire industrialist was at school. The trouble is that Lord Nuffield remembers very well that there were only six scholars in his class at the village school in Cowley.

Appeals over the last few years from self-claimed classmates show that a thousand pupils at least sat in young William's form when he was there. Lord Nuffield smiles when he sees these obvious fakes—as much and as bitterly as when he reads those heart-rending accounts of his lowly ancestry and poverty stricken early life.

His family tree shows that Viscount Nuffield is not one of a nondescript line of working-class people. In fact, it reveals exactly the reverse, for Lord Nuffield is the last of a line of Oxfordshire gentry, whose ancestry goes back seven centuries. In 1278 the first traceable male of the family held land 'in Swarford of the Manor of Hooknorton.' His name was William Morice, of Swarford, in the hundred of Chadlington, county of Oxford. Not a quarter of 1 per cent of the population can trace their ancestry back that far.

Three generations later the name was written as Moris, and the head

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of the family was one Walter, who was born in 1320 and lived for sixty-nine years. In 1471 there lived the first William Morris of Witney, Oxford. In those days only one in a thousand could read or write. That explains why in the following generation the name became Morres, and later, Morys. But from 1589, which is still a very long time back, the family's name has been spelt Morris. Many of the family were mayors and aldermen; there were surgeons, judges, large-scale farmers and other men of important office leading the Morris family. An extraordinary point is that through all these centuries the Morris folk on both sides have been born, have married and have died within the boundaries of Oxfordshire.

So we come to Frederick Morris, also of Witney, Lord Nuffield's father. He was a man of public school education. At the age of twenty-seven he married Emily Ann Pether, of Wood Farm, Headington, the daughter of a farmer. Here is where the now famous name Cowley comes into sight, for Emily Ann Pether was born at this village.

They had seven children, but only two are now living: 'W. R. M.' and Emily Ann, who is three years younger than her brother.

LORD Nuffield was born at Worcester on October 10, 1877. When he was three, his parents returned to Wood Farm, Headington, and here the man who was to be a multi-millionaire and Britain's greatest benefactor spent his early boyhood.

Young William went to the village school at Cowley. He had no engineering training. When the family were living in Oxford he left school and worked for nine months in a cycle works in the town. He was then sixteen, and before he had registered another birthday started in business alone. He built his first bicycle for the Reverend Pilcher, of Oxford. It was a success. This machine he has recently bought back as a souvenir. He had his first headquarters at 16, James-street, Oxford. He built bicycles there and repaired them. Remember that bicycles were then the fastest things on the road. They were fashionable; he was in a progressive business.

Business improved, and the 'boss,' then still in his teens, took a place opposite the examination school, and was eventually doing good trade at No. 48, High Street, Oxford. From there, Willie Morris moved into still larger premises. Here he began to build motorcycles. They were called the Morris machine, and they sold too.

Until the age of twenty-three this young engineering genius found time for sport. He raced on bicycles and he was a crack. Few people know that Lord Nuffield held the seven championships for cycle racing for the three counties of Oxfordshire, Berkshire and Buckinghamshire in one year.

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Like runners today, racing cyclists then specialized in one distance. But young Morris was champion at distances from half a mile to fifty miles. In his office there are dozens of gold awards encased over the mantelpiece. Lord Nuffield does not trouble to tell you what they are, or how he won them. But each metal engraving recounts the story of a county championship won. In 1900, when commercialism threatened the sport, he quit.

William Morris began to design his first automobile in 1910. The motorcycle trade was going well, and the Morris name was again becoming known in Oxfordshire. Then he moved his shop to Cowley, to a single small building. Today, what were the green fields around Cowley house the greatest car producing factory in Britain, where they can assemble 600 complete cars a day, 150,000 a year, a vast industrial center giving work to thousands of men and women.

It was not till 1913 that the forerunner of all Morris cars was produced. It was called the Morris Oxford. In the first year of production four hundred cars were sold.

The young man had taken his father into the business almost from the start. Frederick Morris was a fine accountant, and a perfect business balance for the engineering genius of his son. Frederick Morris could write wonderful copper plate. His character was like that: polished, efficient.

Lord Nuffield says today that he learned all he knows from his father and mother. The first thing was discipline. William had to do what he was told. The millionaire's ordered life results from that. He learned from his mother that money was not the goal of life, for she remained in the modest house they had occupied till her death.

Lord Nuffield's affection for his parents has been written about enough, often with bathos. The only time he and his father were likely to disagree was when the son had some extra business gamble on hand. Father Morris was on the conservative side and often shook his head when William took a chance. He died in the early days of the war; his wife, sixteen years later.

LORD Nuffield married when he was twenty-six. His bride was Elizabeth Maud Anstey, of Oxford, and the ceremony was at St. Giles's, Oxford, in April 1904. Miss Anstey was the daughter of an Oxford business man. She detests all kinds of publicity and leads a full, contented life in her own family circle.

From 1912 to 1923 they lived in the old manor house at Cowley, next door to the car magnate's office. That office, which he still uses, was the parlor of the headmaster of Hursts' Grammar School, at which Lord Nuffield's father had been a pupil. The school is part of the Morris

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buildings. The class rooms and chapel are still there, and the staircase, dormitories and gymnasium where young Frederick exercised. As much as was possible of the original masonry was left when alterations had to be made and Lord Nuffield's office still has far more of the school atmosphere than that of big business. There are no elevators, imposing rooms or vast desks. This shows, of course, that its present owner is a true sentimentalist.

From here he directed the greatest business maneuver of his life. Back at his business in 1921 he directed from this office a step that showed the way to the whole British automobile industry. Car prices were rising; producers faced a bleak future. Mr. Morris proceeded to cut the prices of all his models by approximately £100.

They called it business suicide. But he believed in his judgment and at the end of the year he was able to report more sales than any other British manufacturer. Until Mr. Morris took that fateful step, he was only one of the many automobile manufacturers in Great Britain who had graduated from bicycle to motorcycle production and so to cars. After that he was their acknowledged leader and his production grew phenomenal.

Finally, a picture of the man. Lord Nuffield is slim, of medium height, has a smallish head with a high, protruding brow, which is slightly lined, blue eyes with very dark pupils, silver-gray hair brushed straight back and parted in the center.

He doesn't drink much, but is no crank; smokes rather a lot of a popular brand of cigarettes, plays a sound game of golf, sleeps eight hours a day and works like the devil. His health is as good as that of any employee in his works apart from his being highly strung.

'W. R. M.,' who genuinely loathes personal publicity, has spoken to me freely to stop the printing of inaccurate and foolish 'human' stuff about him. That is why Lord Nuffield allowed me to borrow those documents that are kept in his safe. I doubt whether more than two others have ever seen them, or knew they existed.

Master of the Black Dragon

By Jan Fabius

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Coördinated Daily

EIGHTY-THREE-year-old Mitsuru Toyama is widely regarded as the mysterious 'great man' in the background of Japanese politics. It is said that he is incorruptible, that neither flattery nor criticism can move him from his convictions. He is the leader of the influential and

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somewhat sinister Black Dragon Society, and at one time or another has been the tutor of nearly all of the important leaders of the Right. But he himself has always remained in the background.

In 1904 Toyama took part in the war against Russia, but as a youth he spent some time in prison because of his opposition to the Government. He remembers the Japan of old and speaks enthusiastically about Saigo, the hero of the Satsuma rebellion, who was his former patron. Some time ago he secured a Cabinet post for Admiral Suetsugu, and many believe that Suetsugu, who is a fiery opponent of the white race, may some day become Premier.

In 1933, the Tokyo *Asahi* appraised Toyama's rôle in Japan as follows: 'The most significant thing about the brilliant career of this man is probably his faculty for providing danger signals to erring politicians.' His statements in regard to the present situation in the Far East are particularly interesting, since he was for many years friendly with the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, as well as with Marshal Chiang Kai-shek, in the hope of reaching a peaceful solution of the Sino-Japanese problem on the basis of 'Asia's interests.'

When we visited Toyama, we proceeded to a rather undistinguished Japanese frame house. In the vestibule we had to exchange our shoes for the conventional straw sandals. A glass-enclosed veranda led around the house, and from it we could look down into a Japanese rock garden with picturesque dwarf trees and a miniature lake. A sliding door in the vestibule opened into a little room in which Mitsuru Toyama, the 'Master,' as he is called, received us. The floor was covered with mats on which there were fur rugs, since it was still winter. The house altar stood in one corner.

With his wise old face, attentive eyes behind large spectacles and his white beard, Toyama looks like one of those ancient Japanese sages whom we see on *kakemonos*, those sole pictorial ornamentations of a Japanese house. My interpreter and I squatted as he did on the floor around a little table. A servant entered with a bow, almost touching the floor with his forehead, and served green Japanese tea.

In reply to my question about his attitude toward Fascism and National Socialism, he made it clear that Japan is seeking her own way under the leadership of the Emperor. He answered my question as to the goal of the 'Imperial Way' with a superior smile and the observation that it was the establishment of a single national party in place of all other political parties. In reply to another question he declared that the struggle between employers and employees could be settled if both groups would act in accordance with the wishes of the Emperor.

His answers to queries about foreign politics make it apparent that he regards Japan's relations to England as of paramount concern, espe-

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cially since England is obviously supporting Chiang Kai-shek. When I asked him when, in his belief, peace would be restored, he answered: 'As soon as China realizes that she must coöperate with Japan in Asia.'

Defiant Lupescu

By A. L. Easterman
From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

MADAME Magda Lupescu, friend of King Carol, the woman whom the world believes to be the power behind the Rumanian Throne, has at last agreed to break her public silence. 'Somewhere in Bucharest' I was given the opportunity, never before granted, of talking to this remarkable woman, always in the limelight, yet little known.

Madame Lupescu is an important issue of Rumania's political crisis. 'Lupescu must go' is on the program of almost every Party. I asked her if it were true that she intended to leave the country. Her answer was decisive.

'I authorize you to state,' she said, 'that I have not the least intention of leaving Rumania. I shall never do so. Should I have occasion to travel abroad at any time, it will only be temporarily and for purely personal reasons. But you may rest assured that I shall always return. There can be no doubt about that.

'All the talk and reports that I shall go away are without foundation. Rumania is my native country, and here I shall stay.'

Her words are a defiant answer to the demands and threats of her political and personal enemies. It may be taken to mean that the friendship between her and King Carol will remain unbroken, despite every attempt to destroy it. And her statement is of great political importance for Rumania, since it underlines King Carol's known determination to resist pressure to give her up.

I had the utmost difficulty in getting her to make any statement. 'For fourteen years,' she told me, 'I have had regretfully to refuse every request for a talk for purposes of publication, even from the most prominent journalists in the world.

'I have deemed it wiser not to speak. I felt that what I could say might only lead to complications and difficulties—for me and others—and would most certainly be misinterpreted.'

During our general conversation her voice and manner were gay and light, but as she announced her refusal to leave Rumania her tone changed to one of fierce resolution.

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What kind of a woman is Magda Lupescu?

Now thirty-nine years old, she is tall and of remarkable beauty. The brilliance of her famous Titian hair has not been exaggerated. Large green eyes, a small straight nose, delicately bowed mouth, full lips, and a Greek profile are the most striking characteristics of her good looks. She speaks French and German fluently, and a little English. Her voice is rich and she talks vivaciously and with complete assurance.

Magda Lupescu was born into and has always been a member of the Rumanian-Greek Orthodox Church. Her father, then a small innkeeper in Jassy, was born a Jew but was baptized in his boyhood. He married a Christian wife, and his daughter was educated in a convent and married a Rumanian officer of the same faith. The marriage was dissolved.

Madame Lupescu is not in hiding. All Bucharest knows a fair-sized, unobtrusive, red-brick, turreted villa in the residential district of the capital, about five minutes by taxi-cab from the palace in the center of the city.

Surrounded by a fair-sized garden, it stands close to the roadway. There is no wall around it, and every passer-by can see the grounds and almost into the house itself. The front door is only a few feet away from the pavement. There is not even a policeman at the gate to distinguish it from the surrounding houses or to indicate that it is the residence of a 'personage.'

Madame Lupescu is, however, never seen in the public places of Bucharest. Enemies have sworn to 'get her,' and I have been told by highly reliable people that certain well-known politicians have deliberately planned her murder or kidnapping 'in the national interest.'

It was even seriously suggested some time ago that Chicago gangsters should be imported for the purpose, and one known plan was to stage an 'accident' when she drove by motor-car to or from the King's palace at Sinaia. Another car was to collide with her, and she was to be 'removed' either by kidnapping or assassination.

Whatever be the truth of the part Magda Lupescu plays in Rumanian political or palace affairs, my impression of her remains that of a woman of intelligence, ability and exceptional personal charm.

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Here are the facts which lie behind the riots in French North Africa.

An Empire Built *on* Sand

By Robert-Jean Longuet

Translated from *Clarté*
Paris anti-Fascist Monthly

TRAGIC events have been taking place in France's overseas empire. There has been bloodshed in Algeria. There have been massacres in the Province of Djezireh in Syria, at Metlaoui in Tunis, at Meknes and Banona Yazgha in Morocco. There have been seemingly senseless popular outbursts and brutal suppression in every case. Let us look into the causes of this ominous state of affairs in France overseas.

In Southern Tunisia, in the lands of Gafsa Mines in Metlaoui, striking miners have been shot down. An investigation on the spot by Messrs. Vienney, Bouzauquet and Panissal, the last being a delegate of the French Federation of Labor, showed that the strike was a legitimate one and should have been settled without incident.

The powerful Gafsa Mines Company, which owns immense concessions in the South and has its own railway, also owns the school, the hospital and the commissary, which is the only place where anything can be bought, and controls the distributions of the limited water supply according to its own interests. The workers went on strike to get an increase of their pitifully small wages and a more equitable distribution of water. They met in the courtyard in front of the offices of the company and announced that they wouldn't leave until a settlement had been made.

The company, which was determined to prevent the introduction of these 'French' methods into its domain, asked help from the troops and the police. The Senegalese came, but being under the command of a reasonable officer, kept their arms shouldered.

The police, however, were under the orders of the civil comptroller, who had been a member of the old Croix de Feu. This official, a few moments before giving the order to fire on the unarmed strikers, telephoned to the hospital where his brother-in-law was in charge and told him to

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prepare the operation room, stretchers and dressings for imminent casualties. The police fired. Many killed and a large number of wounded were carried away. The controlled press in Tunisia immediately denounced the dangerous activities of 'Reds and Syndicalists,' for stirring up disorders.

Morocco's plight is even more tragic than that of Tunis. Its geographic situation, the occupation of the neighboring Spanish protectorate by Germans, the whole tense situation in the Mediterranean, have lent considerable significance to the recent disturbances that have taken place. The storm which has been let loose in this region will not die out soon, and it may have many surprises in store for those who began it. Meanwhile, a campaign of lies is being carried on. Public opinion in France and abroad is being completely misled, as it has been in the case of Syria and Tunis. These lies aggravate the anxiety of France and the distrust of the peoples of the Protectorate.

II

Morocco is a vast agricultural country. Its population consists of about 7 million inhabitants, of whom hardly 200,000 are Europeans. When France took over Morocco, the fellahin, or peasants, had been living for generations on rich lands which they cultivated in communal groups. Despite the rather primitive methods that were used the soil was rich enough to bring them good harvests. But colonial conquests are all alike, for here, as elsewhere, the best lands passed almost immediately into the hands of French colonists and farming trusts, while the Moroccan peasants saw themselves steadily pushed back to poorer and still poorer lands and placed more and more at the mercy of drought and poor harvests.

Between 1915 and 1937, for example, a total of 1,192,000 hectares of arable land was expropriated by the Moroccan Administration for the purposes of colonization. Of this Moroccans received 549,500, while 619,000 hectares were given to the French, and 23,500 hectares to other foreigners. The number of French colonial farmers and those from other countries did not exceed 3,000, and yet they obtained most of the land, and naturally the most fertile parcels. Jean Jaurès, the great French Socialist leader who was assassinated in 1914, predicted that this would happen in a powerful speech in the Chamber of Deputies in 1911 in regard to the administration of Morocco:—

'A policy is necessary,' he said, 'which will protect not only the Moroccan customs and traditions but also their property against the sharp practices of business men. You can change and improve the cultural habits of the natives without robbing them of the soil on which they have lived *independently* for centuries. We must protect our Morocco against the pseudo-legal expropriatory policy by which the Moroccans at Oujda have already been robbed of all their rich and fertile lands.'

The disastrous effects of the expropriation policy were soon felt. Though population increased, the Moroccans saw more and more of their lands passing out of their possession. Their poverty steadily deeper grew until at last it has become catastrophic. A million and a quarter ragged and desperate Moroccans are faced with

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death from hunger, according to the figures supplied by the Moroccan Administration itself.

The monopoly of the better lands by the French is the underlying cause of the gradual impoverishing of the masses, but it is not the only one. Taxes, particularly the famous *Tertib*, the tax upon capital and income, have been raised time and again and the wretched peasant has been crushed beneath their weight. In 1937, the year of crop failure and terrible famine, they should have been reduced. Not only were they not reduced, but General Noguès, the Resident-General, actually increased them by 31,400,000 francs. The Moroccan people, despoiled of their property and crushed by exorbitant taxation, are paying 92 per cent of the taxes, of which 59 per cent goes to support 19,350 officials, and much of the rest to support the colonists who have done so badly that their debts must be paid periodically by the Administration.

Nearly all that is spent is spent for the benefit of the small European minority, and almost everything that has been built, installed, or repaired has been for the benefit of the Europeans. The Moroccan native has not profited by any of the alleged advantages of Western civilization. The figures speak for themselves:—

Budget for Public Education
(in Francs)

	For the Moroccans (Population 6,500,000)	*For the Europeans (Population less than 200,000)*
1932	17,951,577	53,951,577
1933	17,869,750	55,662,235
1934	19,310,950	56,572,136
1935	18,006,390	56,928,350
1936	15,280,390	48,943,690

Budget for the Judiciary

	For the Moroccan population	*For the European population*
1932	8,124,550	21,195,150
1933	7,376,050	20,836,540
1934	7,444,770	20,960,960
1935	9,568,700	20,189,590
1936	8,810,280	16,389,070

As can be seen from these figures, the tiny minority of French gets the lion's share of the advantages.

III

Enlightened Moroccans have been trying for years to bring the attention of the French Government to this scandalous inequality of treatment, to this double standard policy, which threatens to plunge us into terrible difficulties one day. I still remember our sincere young friends, A. Balafredj, Hassan el Ouezzani, Omar Abdeljalil, Si Allal Fassi, Lyazidi and many others, together with whom we have tried to make the authorities understand what were the true interests of France in Morocco. After a few years of collaboration on the *Revue Maghreb*, they published a reform plan, and formed a party called the Comité d'Action Marocaine. The moderation and common sense evident in their plan, which asked for Franco-Moroccan coöperation within the framework of the Protectorate Treaty, won for it the good will of many eminent Frenchmen. A brilliant advisory council was created. Some of the immediate demands of the reform plan were: freedom of the press, right of petition, more native schools, uniform judicial processes, extension of agricultural credit, application of French social laws to Moroccan work-

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ers, fiscal equality between the French and the natives and tax reductions.

In the course of its work the C.A.M. came rather close to the proletarian parties. It was hoped that with the coming of the Popular Front the Moroccans would at last receive justice. Nothing of the sort happened. In spite of our protests and our warnings, the Popular Front Government saw fit to appoint to the office of Resident-General General Albert Noguès, a handyman for the Bank of Paris and well known for his brutal repression of the natives in 1930. General Noguès selected strange helpers. Colonel Mellier of the Action Française became the Director of Moslem Affairs; Mazoyer, a Monarchist, was made Director of the Press; Simmonot, a Fascist and a notorious anti-Semite was appointed to the same department; General Blanc of the Action Française became Governor of Fez, and last year distinguished himself by striking a native merchant in public. All these gentlemen, like Noguès, had been trained by Marshal Lyautey, who was a Bonapartist, belonged to the Action Française, and died president of the Jeunesses Patriotes, one of the Fascist '*ligues*.'

Instead of practicing the liberal and humane policy of the Popular Front, General Noguès hastened to dissolve the Comité d'Action Marocaine, which even the conservative Laval Government had not disturbed. The dissolution of the Comité did not bring about the violent reaction hoped for by Noguès. Other means had to be found to discredit the Popular Front with the Moroccan masses. Besides, he and his colleagues had determined to end, once and for all, all agitation for the rights of labor, such as increased wages in view of the steep rise in the cost of food, and compulsory compensation; for had not M. Peyrouton's law in 1936 fixed the wages at four francs a day? The masters of Morocco, together with the Bank of Paris and all the other financial groups that gravitate around them, wanted to forestall all attempts to undermine their privileges. As a result came the troubles at Meknes, at Marrakesh, Khemisset, Port-Lyautey and at Fez.

IV

Here is how the conspirators went about their task in Meknes. One of their tools, an engineering official whose record shows that he has constantly abused the natives, devised plans for changing the distribution of water in the Boufekrane basin. The water that irrigated the farms of 60,000 Meknesians was to be diverted for the benefit of—four large French plantations! Now water means life in arid North Africa. A delegation came to the City Hall in Meknes to protest. It was arrested. The population arose in protest; the Foreign Legion was hastily summoned and soon twenty-three natives had been killed and the number of wounded ran into the hundreds.

In Marrakesh, thousands of skeleton-like, wretched beings in rags took the opportunity of the fact that M. Ramadier, a Public Works official, was passing through the city to send a delegation to him to call his attention to their misery. Sixty-five of these unfortunates were immediately thrown in jail.

At Khemisset, a Berber village, the authorities forbade the celebration of Mussem, the annual Moslem feast,

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but at the same time authorized a procession in honor of St. Theresa, which all the prelates of North Africa were to attend. Students protested. A motorized battalion came from Rabat, accompanied, according to the *Echo de Paris*, by six planes. Many natives were wounded.

The country is now in a state of feverish unrest. The enemies of the Popular Front are satisfied, and the Bank of Paris is not the last to rejoice at the turn which the events have taken. Of course, there still was Paris and the press to reckon with. But this danger was kept well in hand by the Monarchist Mazoyer, Director of the Press, who censored all the communiqués. The Moroccan press had to publish everything he wished, and nothing more.

It was still necessary, nevertheless, to find some justification for this brutal and abominable repression and, of course, to punish the 'guilty' leaders. These were forthwith named: they were the brave members of the Comité d'Action Marocaine, those Moroccans who for years had shown their concern for France's real interests. They were arrested and accused, of all things, of being friendly to Franco, Mussolini and Hitler. Proofs? There weren't any, of course. But fearing that the Paris Government or some independent agency might ask for these proofs, the Moroccan authorities hastened to deport the unfortunate men to the South where, although political prisoners, they were compelled to work on roads.

Morocco's prisons are full, yet wholesale arrests are continuing. The troops keep their machine guns trained on the streets of the cities, ready for instant action. Brutal power continues to oppress a whole people, using essentially Fascist methods. From one end of the Mediterranean to the other, from Syria to Morocco, the same provocations are repeated over and over—provocations that are certain to open the doors wide to foreign propaganda, unless we change our policy. Italy and Germany are spending vast sums on propaganda, especially in Moslem countries. Up to now their efforts have not been successful. But, in view of the justified discontent in French North Africa, can we expect as much in the future?

Mussolini has proclaimed himself the 'Protector of Islam.' He has just reserved for himself the portfolio of the future Ministry of Italian Africa. Countless illustrated pamphlets are being distributed among the natives, showing what Mussolini intends to do for them. Not only are schools and hospitals promised, but even mosques are being offered to the natives. Germany's campaign to get back her former colonies is being carried on with more and more fervor. Yet in the face of these dangers, we find nothing better to do than actually to prepare the ground for our enemies.

One could say that our administrators in Syria, Tunis and Morocco are doing everything in their power to make the natives disgusted with France. We do not suggest that these officials have sold themselves to a foreign power, although they have not been as charitable toward us. But their attachment to dictatorial régimes, their hatred of the Popular Front and the Republic blind them to such a point that they betray in everything they do the most sacred interests of France and the future security of her colonies.

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Japan's economic dictator, a French journalist, a Chinese scholar and an Australian expert discuss the war.

China Incident

I. Planning Japan's Economy

By Shinji Yoshino

From *Contemporary Japan*, Tokyo Political and Economic Quarterly

THE most important task for Japan in meeting the present emergency is to secure sufficient munitions and raw materials for their manufacture, thereby enabling the country to achieve its final objective. Modern wars in a sense are wars of supplies.

Now Japan is reputed to be destitute of resources, but the facts do not provide grounds for unqualified pessimism in this regard. If the country's overseas territories, such as Korea, Formosa and others, as well as Manchukuo, are considered on the basis of the so-called Japan-Korea-Manchukuo Bloc principle, its resources are not at all meager. Moreover, resources can be increased as we progress in science and technique. Japan need not, therefore, be pessimistic with regard to her resources and may well be able to secure the foundation of her defense and economy on the basis thereof.

At present, however, Japan cannot supply herself with all the materials she requires. The country still lacks a fairly large amount of military supplies, which must be imported from abroad. Japan therefore is an import country, her excess of imports over exports in the first nine months of 1937 reaching the enormous sum of 740,000,000 yen.

Japan's invisible trade may result in an excess of payments over receipts in addition to the adverse balance of visible trade. Shipping income forms the major portion of our invisible trade receipts. This income is destined to decline, as many ships have been requisitioned for military service. Taking these facts into consideration, it is clearly necessary to adopt exceptional measures to readjust the country's international payments. Unlike the United States, which owns an enormous amount of gold, Japan cannot

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afford to pay without limit for the purchase of foreign materials. It is impossible for her to meet these purchases by indiscriminate gold shipments abroad. The bringing of the present conflict with China to a successful conclusion depends very much upon the securing of a liberal amount of military supplies, which constitute the most decisive factor for final victory.

Naturally, then, it is a matter of vital importance for Japan to improve her adverse trade balance. Herein lies the need of making a substantial reduction in non-vital imports. Legislation providing for the control of export and import articles and for the supervision of national economy was passed at the recent extraordinary Diet session, empowering the Government to apply such control at its discretion.

As far as foreign trade is concerned, the free activity of private economy has been restricted and, in consequence, this may cause a certain amount of disturbance in business circles. However, the Government takes the view that we should utilize the China Incident as an opportunity to make another decisive advance in Japan's industry and economy, and is desirous of obtaining some benefit for the future industrial and economic development of the country out of the emergency foreign trade control measure adopted in connection with the Incident.

The Government expects that substitutes can be developed to such a degree that no more importation will be required when the Incident comes to a close. The restriction and license of import articles have been carried out with this object in view. For example, the Government has decided to promote the use of staple fiber as a substitute for wool for domestic consumption, although not restricting the imports of wool necessary for manufacturing export woollen cloth. The Commerce and Industry Ministry has also established regulations to compel manufacturers to use a certain percentage of staple fiber for the production of certain grades of cloth, both wool and cotton. Japan, however, is not yet self-sufficient in pulp, which is the raw material of staple fiber, so greater efforts must be made for the development of a substitute pulp-making industry. Considering the history of industrial development the world over, we note that the growth of an industry manufacturing 'substitutes' has coincided with the industrial prosperity of the country in which such a growth takes place. This principle, if true, can naturally be applied to raw cotton and wool, as well as to other products.

The history of the development of modern industry in Japan is not very long. Industry prospered in this country under the stimuli of the Sino-Japanese War, the Russo-Japanese War and the World War, all of which have taken place within the last fifty years. New demands arose in line with the progress of a war-time economy each time and, with that new demand, industry advanced. A certain amount of sacrifice was made by the people on each occasion when war-time economy was giving place to peace-time economy, and a severe economic reaction plunged the country into depression. However, industry took root. It can thus be said that it is as a result of the enforcement of war-time economy that the foundations of the pres-

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ent-day industry of Japan have been established. The China Incident, therefore, also has an important subsidiary mission, that of setting up a basis for the future economic development and activity of this country.

II

If the term 'controlled economy' rightly fits the occasion, it can be said that Japan will have to enter into a stage of controlled economy. We already have a law providing the control of major industry and other legal provisions for economic control.

I have been attached to the Commerce and Industry Ministry for many years, looking after the administration of such 'control,' but what has been done so far has mainly been confined to the encouragement of the organization of cartels or trusts. In other words, the past control policy of the Ministry has been merely to encourage industrialists to coöperate rather than indulge in free competition. Our aim has been only to readjust the interests of industrialists. The situation has now changed. Control must be focused on the sole basis of national interest, eliminating considerations of private interest.

As to the working of controlled economy, examples have been set by European countries such as Italy and Germany, but Japan is not in a position to follow their examples regardless of her own conditions. 'Translation' administration must be avoided. Japanese industry has a tradition of its own and the nation's peculiar industrial atmosphere must also be reckoned with. A certain country seems to be adopting a uniform controlled economy on the basis of legal provisions and regulations, but Japan has no use for such a policy. Economic liberalism which respects the initiative of individuals has an imperishable validity among us and must be upheld in principle, in spite of controlled economy. Our controlled economy, therefore, will be pushed only to such an extent as not to destroy industrial liberalism and in such a way as to bring it into harmony with the interest of the nation as a whole.

Another fact must not be overlooked. The Government will continue to respect Japan's trade relations with foreign countries on a reciprocal basis when the control policy is applied. In this connection the case of Japanese-American trade relations, especially with regard to Japan's purchases of raw cotton, has to be considered. If the amount of Japan's purchases of American cotton declines, because of this policy, American cotton growers as well as Japanese cotton traders and industrialists will suffer.

The more Japanese cotton cloth the United States buys, the more American cotton Japan will buy. Even if Japan really reduces the amount of cotton purchased from the United States, this will not affect the United States foreign trade as a whole, because, instead of cotton, Japan will buy war materials from that country.

The United States trade balance will thus not be adversely affected. Unless there is restriction of the imports of Japanese cotton cloth by the United States, exports of American cotton to Japan will be kept up unchecked. If, however, such a restriction on the part of the United States is unavoidable, then Japanese cotton traders should

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be prepared to put up with this unfavorable situation and to make some sacrifice for the time being, bearing in mind that the emergency control measures are a part of the national policy to meet the critical conditions with which this country is faced.

II. Behind the Banzais

By Robert Leurquin

Translated from *Europe Nouvelle*, Paris Political Weekly

In launching a planned economy, Japan has one great advantage over her Italian and German exemplars—she already has the framework of centralized control which Fascism and Hitlerism had to set up as they went along. Japan has had that ever since her great campaign for industrial rationalization, which was carried out in 1930. Today the Minister of Industry and Commerce controls not only the most important export industries — which, in view of their concentration in the hands of the Mitsui and the Mitsubishi concerns and a few others, was relatively easy to achieve—but he also controls all the smaller industries which are Japan's main sources of power, since they employ 60 per cent of the industrial workers and produce 65 per cent of her industrial output and 45 per cent of her exports. The Government now has all the industries well in hand and can impose its will on them by means of decrees.

Behind Japan's adoption of a planned economy is the fact that war and glory are expensive and she is finding it hard to foot the bill. During the six years since the beginning of Japan's military expansion in China, wages and domestic consumption have steadily declined, although the fall in wages has to some extent been met by a thirteen-hour working day. The per capita private debt has increased by sixty-one yen. The national debt has been doubled and the armaments consume half of the budget.

The punitive expedition of 1937 has already wreaked havoc in several sections of economic life. The longer the War lasts and the more industry is diverted to military purposes at the expense of export products, the greater will be those ravages. Credit has declined. Japanese investments in China have suffered heavy losses. In Shanghai and Tsing-tao, many valuable Japanese factories had been destroyed, while other factories scattered through China have had to be closed, representing a heavy loss in both investment and income. The tourist trade, which produced about 114,000,000 yen only last year, is now practically nonexistent. The prospects for any early return to normal conditions seem remote.

There is, however, another side to the picture. Japan still has a gold reserve amounting to some 800,000,000 yen and the Minister of Finance told me that the yen will be protected by all the means in the Government's power, and that it is not seriously threatened. Gold is no longer the ruling power in a national economy. Nations are finding moral solutions for economic problems and the Japanese

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people are quite capable of reaching a solution of this kind.

The Japanese are subject to an individual discipline which has no parallel anywhere else in the world, and to a rigorous collective discipline. In a way, it is their own will which they deify when they submerge it in obedience to the Emperor, who is the motivating spiritual power in the country. Once the Emperor's personality is brought into the war in this manner, the authorities can ask for everything and get everything. Besides, the Japanese do not have our sense of rebellion at extremes, which would put a limit to any European taxpayer's willingness to make sacrifices.

Ultimately, the real sufferers from this war, among the Japanese, will be the financial and industrial magnates, for, in return for their sacrifices the masses are certain to demand social reforms. This will be supported in the minds of the authorities by the ever-present fear of Communism and we may expect really energetic efforts to improve the lot of the peasant and the worker when peace returns. We may also expect that the end of the War will be a crucial moment in the life of Japan, for the authorities will then have to transfer the dictatorship which rules, and will continue to rule, her economic life from the military to the political field. That transition may not be easy.

In no other country does the formula 'export to live' hold as true as it does for Japan. Her case is unique; only Poland, perhaps, can compare with it to some extent in Europe. With a population 50 per cent greater than that of France, Japan must live on arable area which is only 12 per cent that of France. Relief of the population strain by emigration is very difficult for three reasons: the Japanese people have their habitat in the temperate zone and cannot endure the harsher northern climate; China is already overpopulated; and in the south temperate zone where they could live, discrimination against the yellow race limits their quota to a handful. After sixty years of governmental effort to promote emigration, it amounts to only one-third of the annual increase in the population.

Japan, in short, is literally jammed between her coastlines, spends twice what she earns and has only her exports to save her from dying of hunger. If exports decline, a shadow of horrible famine must fall on the Land of the Rising Sun. But for several years her ability to export her products has been terribly hampered by the imposition of high tariffs and quotas in the foreign markets. A new menace to Japanese survival arose in the guise of the anti-Japanese boycott in China. These factors in combination can prove to be the end of Japan. Therefore she has reacted like a man who swims, when thrown into the water, because he does not want to drown.

II

What about us, the Europeans, who centuries ago set the seal of our will upon Asia? What can we do to defend out position and prestige in the Far East? Very little. In Shanghai we have Consuls whose motto is 'avoid trouble.' For one energetic official like Consul Lepissier, who, by his clear thinking and determination saved the French concession in Tientsin from destruction, there are too many whose

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resistance has been softened by the climate. North China no longer belongs to Nanking and the Japanese will very soon manage to evict us without very great noise or difficulty.

How did this happen? Very simply. Asia is a continent of proletarians. While we are playing the rich bourgeois there, the Japanese employ cut-throat tactics. Japan's workers do not object to working fourteen hours a day. Her salesmen polish their own boots, while their white colleagues employ six 'boys' to keep their wardrobes in order. Her merchants take 1 per cent in commission and work every day, while ours insist on 10 per cent and get twelve days' vacation every month.

Instead of raising the cry of dumping against Japan, we should see ourselves as we are. With our luxurious habits and gentlemanly disdain for work, we are the 'sluggard kings' of Asia, wallowing in sumptuous furs, while our workers at home, with their steady wages, their social legislation, their radios, if not their automobiles, are nothing less than plutocrats when compared with the workers of Asia. Our last resort seems to be the pound sterling and His Majesty's Fleet. The Shanghai-Hong Kong Banking Corporation has just erected a proud edifice for the glory of the pound in the Far East. Its roofs pierce the sky like organ pipes ready to thunder 'Rule Sterling, Sterling Rules the East.' But even the pound has had to bow to inexorable fate, since there are peoples who are willing to substitute a 'Viva Il Duce' or a 'Heil Hitler' for their lunch, and an outburst of exalted oratory for their dinner. Gold is no longer the God that our middle class fathers adored on their knees. As for the British fleet, it still shows to great advantage on the seas. But its power has, alas, grown rusty and can no longer save Europe in Asia.

The Asiatic is like the Arab. To him every compromise and every act of generosity is a sign of weakness. Among the Annamites, fear and respect are expressed by the same word. The Chinese are certainly aroused against Japan for the moment. But if you scratch the surface of any conversation, you will find underneath a sort of fearful admiration for the methods of the Japanese soldiers and contempt for our weakness.

The European Powers must either fight for their interests in Asia or else come to an agreement with Japan, since without power and the willingness to use it even our most obvious rights will not be respected. If we think that our interests demand that we fight Japan, we must not hesitate, or rather, we must prepare ourselves and wait until she engages in her duel with the U.S.S.R. This Japanese Sparta, which has arisen in the age of machinery, still has some great military weaknesses which we can successfully exploit, if we determine to do so. If we do not, we must come to an agreement on whatever terms we can get as soon as possible.

III

The Japanese press includes a number of journalists who know Europe pretty well. One of the best is Furugaki, who comments on European and American affairs in *Asahi*, which is one of the biggest papers in Japan, with a daily circulation of over two millions,

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three hundred editors and twenty-five airplanes. On the eve of our departure from Tokyo, Furugaki gave us a farewell dinner in the Japanese manner. After the ravishing Geishas had gone through their mincing paces and my colleague, Edward Helsey, had passionately denounced the criminal bad faith shown by certain foreign agencies in spreading news, Furugaki said to us:—

'There is one thing that appalls me in a European who claims to be a logical and reasonable being. It is the obstinacy with which he denies the greatest of all historical laws. History teaches us that the life of nations and empires is a perpetual see-saw of power and decadence and that the greatest victories, even that of Samothrace, have not withstood the pressure of time. Yet you want to perpetuate for all eternity the situation that emerged after the Great War. That is to demand that the earth stop revolving.

'This is all the more unpardonable since the events which have taken place in Europe during the last fifteen years should have opened your eyes. You, as well as we, have seen Germany rearm and reoccupy the Rhineland. Both of us have seen the League of Nations collapse, the English pound wither, Italy build a new empire. Why then, and in the name of what particular principle, do you think that the Far East must be the only part of the world to remain unchanged? Forget your dreams and look reality in the face. Otherwise you will know the fate of the five blind men, who made the mistake of choosing another blind man for a guide and paid for it by a disastrous fall.'

I remember answering my friend, amidst the miaowing of the musicians who surrounded us: 'If I understand you correctly, you regard peace as being nothing more than a breathing spell between two wars. You may be right. Luckily, we still have diplomacy to prolong the breathing spell to the utmost. But the task of diplomacy in our times is becoming more and more difficult. Diplomacy is the art of bargaining, and today the peoples, exalted and misinformed, are confounding bargaining with treason. And so the world is proceeding in a straight line to the abyss which it really wants to avoid. If we are to escape, we need a dictionary with perfect definitions; appended to it should be a good translation for the benefit of the Far East.'

III. Thanks to Japan!

By Professor Chen Hen-che

From *Ta Kung Pao*, Shanghai Independent Daily

[Ta Kung Pao, *the newspaper in which the following article appeared, has been forced to suspend publication by the authorities of the International Settlement at Shanghai because of Japanese pressure.* The Editors]

CHINA'S gallant armed resistance should result in achievements of two distinct kinds. One of these is military success; the other is the laying of a foundation for national regeneration. Military success is temporary in its

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nature; its significance lies in the opportunity it will provide for building a new country. The second achievement, however, is permanent, and of vital importance in itself. If we do not have regeneration as our goal, our present armed resistance is without meaning. Armed resistance is but a means to an end, but national regeneration is the end we seek to achieve.

If we are successful in our armed resistance, we can move toward our ultimate goal like a ship sailing downstream. With military reverses, we shall be like a ship sailing against the current. But whether with or against the current, the ship will reach its destined goal; the difference is one of time and effort. Against the current, more time and more effort are needed to reach the goal.

Moreover, if a ship sails always downstream, without difficulties, it is impossible to determine its ability in the face of storms and typhoons. A nation facing no crisis gives no indication as to whether or not it has the qualities of an independent State. For this reason, we should take the present national crisis as a test of our national character. If our armed resistance meets with military success, our national regeneration will be easily achieved. But if military operations are unsuccessful, we can still learn good lessons from this, further consolidate our efforts, and the final victory will be ours. Immediate military success or failure, therefore, is not the most important factor. Of most importance is whether or not we can lay the foundations of a new China during this period of national crisis.

During the past six years of intensification of the national crisis, and especially during the past six months under foreign military pressure, a great part of the foundation of China's regeneration has been laid. The first stone of this foundation is our national unification. This is the outstanding result of the present crisis. Because of the alien pressure exerted against us, every Chinese, whatever his class or occupation, has joined his fellow-countrymen to resist the foreign aggressor. Because of Japan's invasion, China has emerged from a declining military feudalism into modern unity.

The second stone is economic self-development. China is progressing toward the goal of self-sufficiency in the way of foodstuffs and other necessities. It is shameful that China, an agricultural country, should have to import foreign rice. China has depended upon foreign countries or upon foreign factories in China for her gasoline, kerosene, paper, piece goods, many foodstuffs and construction materials, as well as for her transport facilities. Even without foreign military aggression, she would perish in such a situation. We have to thank the Japanese for their aggression, which has resulted in the sending of Chinese capital and Chinese workers from the cities to the villages. Thanks to the Japanese blockade of the China coast, the Chinese Government and people are now compelled to find a way to produce both food and industrial products to meet their demands in the interior. With this wonderful opportunity, every Chinese should choose for himself some particular productive work, and carry it out at some point in the interior, thereby performing a valuable service for his country.

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If we can develop our native industry at this time, when the blockade of the China coast prevents foreign competition, China will in the future be able to regain control of her own market. After the cessation of the war, foreign goods will find it difficult again to penetrate the Chinese market. So the development at this time of agriculture, mining and industry will not only prolong our armed resistance, but will also strengthen China's economic position.

The third stone of our foundation is the rejuvenation of our people. China is an old nation. Our people inherit the characteristics of old men. As a result, China has tended to refrain from the daring exploits characteristic of the younger nations. The sacrifices of our troops at the front and of our people at the rear, however, reveal that the race is still capable of energetic and spirited action. This rejuvenation is one of our most precious achievements. If there were no foreign aggression, however, this new spirit would not have been developed.

The fourth stone is the baptism of fire which our national consciousness is receiving. Allowing for exceptions, our people were corrupt and unable to bear hardship. The national crisis, however, has made them realize the importance of a strong national consciousness for the defense of our country.

Formerly, it was not unusual for the individual to place his own interests before those of his country, and it was not unusual for one to utilize public office to settle personal grudges. Now the situation is different, and anyone who engages in such activities is branded as a traitor.

The Chinese people were unwilling to coöperate and to organize. But the national crisis has brought enemies together and made them join hands in defense of the country. This is in accordance with the old Chinese saying —that a country will be remade in the midst of difficulties. Our baptism of fire has burned away the corruption of the Chinese race.

It is to be hoped that easy living will be wholly discarded, and a healthier life brought to every one of us. Facing death and destruction by enemy planes, we must realize that everyone has to die once and abandon our fear of death. It is to be hoped that besides this courage, we shall also have the courage to eliminate all the old social injustices. It is to be hoped that everyone will endeavor to increase the productivity of the country, and to increase its material strength by reducing his own selfish consumption. We must all pledge ourselves to this change in living and in the purpose of living.

During this brief period of armed resistance we have so far discovered these four strong building stones for a new China. If they can be put together, and supplemented by others, our foundation of national regeneration will be firmly laid. So long, therefore, as we can utilize this national crisis in this way, we shall be able to rebuild our nation, whether we have military victories or military reverses.

People in the rear, who cannot fight in the front lines, should devote their every moment to helping toward our great objective. In the mountains and in the villages, where people seem indifferent, the duty of every Chinese remains the same. If each one of us does his part, we must win.

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IV. China's Peasant Reds

By Kurt Offenburg

From the *Austral-Asiatic Bulletin*, Organ of the Australian Institute of International Affairs

THE present war in China has brought the 'Red' areas into a prominence vastly different from that of the last ten years. The marauders of yesterday have become the heroes of today in the estimate of the vernacular papers. Cables tell us that the Communist forces in China have given their allegiance to Nanking in fighting the Japanese. In return, the Nanking Government is said to have agreed 'that the Communist Party may nominate candidates all over China for the forthcoming elections.'

Elections may be ignored for the moment, because they are promises for the future. But if we look at the new alliance within China we discover these elementary facts: Chiang Kai-shek, or the Nanking Government, conducted for nearly ten years so-called Communist-Bandit-Suppression-Campaigns; the Communist armies in Kansu, Shensi and Ninghsia resisted all attacks; and now, after nearly a decade of fighting these Red forces, Nanking makes an alliance with them.

This move does not come unexpectedly. A year ago the leaders of the Red areas approached Nanking to conclude such an alliance with the object of an anti-Japanese campaign. What they wanted was a cessation of futile civil wars and a united front with Nanking against Japan. To understand this approach one has to remember that tens of thousands of these Red soldiers have been anti-Japanese since they were driven out of Manchuria in 1931–32. They were once under the leadership of the Young Marshal, the incapable Chang Hsueh-liang; after their defeat they deserted, and went into Shansi and Kangsu where they joined the Reds.

Their number in the Northwest is estimated at 100,000. They are well armed with rifles and machine guns, captured from armies against which they fought successfully. Mechanized units have been lacking until recently: until Japan's new drive in the North. The strategic position occupied by the Red armies, and the linking of this position with the Nanking forces, introduced a new factor into the Sino-Japanese warfare. Japan did not foresee that the practice of splitting up forces, of buying off commanders, of installing Local Peace Preservation Bodies, which was so successfully employed in 1931–32, could not be used in 1937. Because of the linking-up of the Nanking and the Red forces, Japan's strategic position has become precarious.

The men composing the Red armies are not paid. They receive their food, clothing, tobacco, and, from time to time, some special allowance. For years they withstood successfully the pressure from Nanking. They are made up of many elements, such as remnants of once-broken and leaderless units, scattered and mutinous Nanking troops, discontented students and peasants without land or jobs.

The formation of these Red armies and the establishment of Communist

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Governments in the Northwest of China are due to two factors: the civil wars and the conditions among the peasantry. The Communist movement in the Red areas of China, which the Nanking Government has been fighting for years without result and at tremendous cost, is nothing more or less than a peasant war. The continuous revolt of the small farmer in practically all the Provinces of China; the continuous suffering of the peasantry under war lords and taxes; the rapidly increasing number of expropriated small landowners; the periodical recurrence of floods, droughts and bad harvests with the subsequent squeezing-out of the farmer—all these are the causes or symptoms of a peasant revolution. It is, therefore, a misconception to speak of a Bolshevist movement among the Chinese peasants, as though it were formed after the Russian pattern. The last great peasant movement in China, the Taiping Rebellion from 1851 to 1864, which brought about a redistribution of land, was just as much Chinese, and not Russian, as the present movement. The Red areas of China present an agrarian problem first and foremost, and not merely a political problem.

II

If you travel for some time in China you will encounter many a puzzle in this land of puzzles. But greater and more disturbing than the political acrobatics of her politicians or the extreme individualism of her generals is that most staggering of all puzzles: How is it possible that the majority of families is able to live on so little that they must remain perpetually hungry?

The minimum living income for a family of four or five—not for a single individual—is considered to be $187 a year. The following table will illustrate what the so-called standard of living is like. It is an attempt to calculate the income in money, and the research was carried out by the International Famine Relief Commission. In 85 villages in the Province Chili, now Hopei, the standard of living was as follows:

Yearly income	*No. of families with income*	*% of families with income*	*% of group income to whole*
Less than $100	3,062	82.5	19.7
From $150–$1000	490	16.6	50.2
More than $1000	31	0.9	30.1

How can 3,062 families, or 82.5 per cent of the total population, live at all if the necessary minimum is $187, and their income is below $100?

The answer is that they do not live; they are on the borderline of existence and starvation. They cannot afford to have meat, eggs or even fish. These are luxuries. The peasant and his family have to be content with kaoling, a kind of millet, vegetables, vegetable-oil, salt and tea which cost him from $150 to $160 a year. The expenses for clothing are $20, for fuel $5, and other expenses are calculated at $7. In other words, the majority of the peasants cannot even get the estimated minimum quantity of food that is necessary to sustain life.

To make up for this deficiency, the peasant hibernates during the winter months, avoiding any unnecessary movement, so that the desire for food is accordingly diminished. Yes, he hibernates like an animal! It is the usual picture in North China and in the Northwest to see the whole family in the one room together, the one window (if there

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is one at all) hermetically sealed, the grown-ups dozing through the day, and that for weeks and weeks. Only the youngest is regularly fed—if the starved mother has sufficient milk. With the approach of spring that human animal, usually called the Chinese farmer, creeps out of his mud-walled kennel; and only by a great effort is he able to bring his weakened and stiffened body back to normal movement.

It may be maintained that Hopei is not one of the richest Provinces in China, and that other parts of the country show scarcely any signs of starvation. This is a misconception, for in the two richest Provinces, Kiangsu and Chekiang, the bulk of the peasantry lives under conditions which are not much different from those of Hopei.

Kiangsu is so fertile that the soil usually yields two crops a year; and yet the prevailing poverty holds more than half of the population in its grip. No flood, war or insect-pest interrupted the prosperity for years, but in spite of this 52.1 per cent of the Kiangsu peasants had incomes below the minimum. In the 'rich' Province of Chekiang, conditions are even worse. A cross-section shows that 64.3 per cent of the village population live below the minimum standard.

The distribution of incomes reveals something of the causes of the peasants' unrest, which is officially and conveniently termed 'Communist-Banditry.' It goes without saying that Mr. Wang Ching-wei's high-sounding 'land policy' disregards these facts. In China, he maintains, with an eye on propaganda purposes abroad 'most of the lands are owned by the small bourgeoisie, who outnumber the aristocracy of France and Russia of former days a million times.' And in unison, General Chiang Kai-shek, a big landowner himself, enlightens the world by the admission that: 'There are still some members of the Party (Kuomintang) who are aggrieved at the failure of the Government to emulate and enforce a land policy. Even if the Red bandits had a land policy, it would have to be determined by their political creed.'

The distress of the great majority of Chinese farmers is due to the smallness of their holdings, and to the conditions under which they are tenants. All students agree that the system of tenancy is one of the main causes of their misery. One's own observations are confirmed by the latest investigation, the report of the League of Nations Technical Delegate on his mission to China. This report only repeats that the position of the farmer tenants 'is the most disquieting.' His carefully worded statement illuminates the main cause of the tragic position of the small farmer. In the Yangtze River Basin and in South China, where over 60 per cent of the total population live, 40 per cent of the farmers are full tenants, 28 per cent part tenants, and only 32 per cent own their land.

These prosaic figures cover the tragedy of the Chinese farmer. And against a background of mortgages, high interest rates, taxation, surtaxes, inflated land values—in short, against the background of a social economic system which resembles that of Russia before 1917—loom the masses of peasants in revolt. Here is to be witnessed the spectacle of an agricultural country dependent on other countries for much of its food supply.

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Thin-skinned dictators; the 100-acre realm of Pope Pius XI; the *Pogranichniki*, or Soviet Border Guards; and a Balkan campaign against profanity.

Miscellany

I. Sensitive Dictators

By Dr. B. A.

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*, Basel Liberal German-Language Daily

EVERYONE knows that the present-day dictators detest being made the butt of jokes and caricature, and that they usually revenge themselves in a very unhumorous fashion on those who offend them. But Mussolini, Hitler and the lesser demi-gods of our day must be exceptionally thin-skinned, lacking in humor or unsure of themselves, because in the past there have been many dictators and powerful statesmen who, while sensitive to attacks, enjoyed them if they were cleverly disguised as joke, satire or caricature. Frederick the Great, for example, was only interested in whether a joke was good or bad. He didn't care whether he came off well, or whether the Monarchy was lampooned. Bismarck and Napoleon greatly enjoyed reading satirical weeklies put out by the opposition. And they had the greatest fun in finding cartoons about themselves. Even Primo de Rivera, the Spanish vest-pocket Mussolini, held out against those who urged him to suppress satirical papers.

Mussolini, however, is different. He can't abide political satire. During the short and nearly forgotten period when the Fascist régime tolerated criticism in the press, no publication was more frequently suppressed than *Becco Giallo*. The Duce was so easily offended that it was almost ridiculous. A slightly distorted mouth, lips which had turned out too thick, accentuation of his girth—it seemed that everything made him angry and no matter how timid the captions, they always fell short of the required degree of respect.

Mussolini frequently visited Von Bülow, the former German Chancellor, who spent the last years of his life in Rome. One day he surprised the old ex-Chancellor reading copies of the

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Simplizissimus of 1908 which contained pointed jokes and cartoons about Bülow and even about the Kaiser. At that time, the Kaiser, who was none too discreet once he got to talking, had revealed a State secret to some British journalists. By the special request of the Reichstag, Bülow was to urge a period of silence upon his master—an embarrassing task for a diplomat who was a courtier rather than a statesman. This situation inspired Gulbransson to do a masterly caricature entitled 'How to tell it to my Kaiser.' Mussolini was very much surprised to notice that this picture pleased Bülow; he could not understand Bülow's explanation that one ought to regard political caricatures as a barometer of popularity.

At the start of his career as Chancellor, Bülow said, he had not been particularly popular. The conservatives did not trust him because he was too liberal, while the liberals did not trust him because he was too reactionary. Gradually, that dual attitude changed. He became good friends with all of them. 'The caricature kept up with this development.' Bülow pointed to the bound volumes of the *Simplizissimus*, the *Jugend*, and the *Lustige Blätter* all of which he kept in his library. 'You see, Your Excellency, during the early years you will find a caricature of me here and there. But later on, they are in every single number. After my resignation everything stopped. The statesman who suppresses political satire harms himself, for if the satire stops then either his popularity is over or he never was popular.' Mussolini's reply is not known, but he certainly was not converted, for he is still no friend of political satire.

The rulers of the Third Reich, Hitler and Goebbels especially, detest political jokes. Goebbels bitterly hated the *Simplizissimus*. The owner of that weekly, Karl Arnold, was well aware of this fact. He also knew what it meant. And at the very beginning of the Hitler régime, he took his two sons, strapping S. A. youths, from Munich to Berlin and asked for an audience with Goebbels. His sons wore Party uniforms and he himself was adorned with his swastika armband. He asked for favorable consideration, assured Goebbels that for a long time he had been for Hitler, abused Thomas Theodor Heine, the founder of the *Simplizissimus*, and promised to be good.

The *Simplizissimus* got permission to continue, but it ceased to carry the brilliant political satire which had made it famous throughout the world for more than three decades; it became merely a symbol of the cultural disintegration within the Third Reich. But even that was not enough for Goebbels. He suppressed or threatened the paper from time to time, thus showing how deeply his hatred of political satire is rooted.

II

Why is it that the rulers of Germany are so grimly opposed to caricatures, jokes and satires? Hitler once voiced his opinion 'theoretically.' 'The joke—(the political joke was meant)is something low in principle. Whoever makes that kind of joke proves that he does not understand real greatness. That is why it is the most suitable weapon in the hands of Jewish literati. A German never uses the weapon which a Heine has held in his dirty hands.'

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Another anti-Semite of the previous generation, Count Pückler, expressed a similar opinion: 'The joke is vulgar, cowardly and insidious. It employs a roundabout method instead of striking straight at the goal. The joke is Jewish, the blow is German.' Pückler died in an insane asylum.

One Professor Julius Peterson, literary historian at the University of Berlin, recently asserted that anybody who used jokes or satire as a political weapon was corrupt. He called jokes 'merely attempts to degrade others and to elevate one's self. They are the weapon of Heine, Börne, Kerr, Kraus and other Jewish writers. We Germans must never learn to use it.'

Nevertheless, the political joke has been growing in Germany—secretly, of course. If the author who invents it or those who repeat it are collared by the authorities, we hear of punishment like this: 'K. . . of Magdeburg was sentenced to two-and-one-half years in prison for spreading a so-called whispering joke.' What was the joke? He allegedly quoted Goebbels as complaining bitterly that 98 per cent of the German people were devoted followers of National Socialism, but that strangely enough one always met the other 2 per cent. Another culprit is supposed to have reported that Furtwängler had asked Bronislaw Hubermann to appear at a concert. The renowned violinist was said to have turned down the invitation with the following cable: 'Grandma does not permit it.' This incident actually happened.

How can one explain this difference in the attitudes of dictators? Bismarck practically solicited caricature. Frederick the Great and Napoleon enjoyed jokes made at their expense. Hitler, Mussolini and Goebbels treat them as crimes. The truth is perhaps this: it is the *parvenu* among the dictators who cannot endure political satire. An all-powerful ruler like Napoleon, who in the course of his career loses all urge for self-glorification—the real sign of the *parvenu*—cannot be insulted by satire. He may still, of course, be sensitive to merely libelous pamphlets, but he sees his significance in a rational perspective. He no longer needs to protect his ego against his own doubts.

II. Città del Papa

By Ida von Lónyay

Translated from *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

THE smallest State in the world is not Liechtenstein, or Andorra, or San Marino, or Monaco, but the State of Vatican City, which boasts an area of only 108.7 acres, or a little more than one-sixth of a square mile. Although millions of worshippers, pilgrims and visitors enter St. Peter's and the Vatican Museum each year, the population of the little State in 1932 numbered only 1,006, of whom 716 were citizens. But in addition to these, hundreds of workmen, clerks and officials stream into Vatican City every week-day to perform their respective duties. The workmen are engaged in constructing new buildings, or in repairing the older ones. The clerks

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and officials are parts of the vast administrative machinery of the Holy See.

Most of the officials come from peasant stock. They work in various departments, the so-called *dipendenza*, but all are under the supervision of one man who bears the title of *Governatore* and who is armed with plenipotentiary authority by the Holy Father. His orders are law. He is entrusted with the maintenance of order, the protection of persons and property, the execution of social measures, and he is responsible for the proper conduct of the public within the Vatican City.

The *Governatore* may order the arrest of criminals and it is in his name that sentences are imposed. As might be expected, criminal offenses are rarely committed within the Vatican State; there are, at the most, one or two petty thefts annually, and the culprits are punished by expulsion. Where the offender is a citizen of the Papal State and the crime is of a serious nature, he is deprived of his citizenship and refused permission to work in the Vatican. The most severe punishment is confinement, or *incarcerazione*, up to three months. As there is no jail, this is served in a part of the barracks of the Swiss Guards that is reserved for the purpose. But even prisoners have permission to take a walk in one of the gardens twice daily.

Since the Vatican is unable to pay high salaries to its employees, its working hours are considerably less than is customary in Italy. There is always a large number of applications for the few jobs that become available. Some employees do not live within the Papal State and have to cross the *frontiera* four times daily, as they are given a three-hour period in which to go to their homes for lunch.

The *Governatore* himself is not required to live in the Vatican, but if he lives outside, a completely furnished apartment is, nevertheless, always at his disposal. He is obliged to stay in his official apartment only when members of a Ruling House pay a visit to His Holiness. The King, or his relatives, who are guests of the Pope, are accommodated on the first floor of the *Governatore's* palace, which contains two entirely separate guest apartments. One is for the visiting King, the other one for his Queen, because Vatican tradition forbids couples to live together during the period of their visit. One of the most beautiful pieces of art in the King's apartment is a dinner service for twenty-four, made out of hammered gold, which may be used only by a Catholic Ruler.

Although employees of the Papal State are treated with great kindness and consideration, the strictest order and punctuality are expected from them in return. When the *Governatore* arrives in the morning, for example, every member of the Vatican staff, and every employee must be in his place. The *Governatore's* office registers births, deaths and marriages occurring within the little State and keeps records of the work in the various agencies and of changes among the inhabitants. It is the *Governatore's* office which grants citizenship, issues drivers' licenses, gives permission for an extended stay in the city, fixes food prices and accepts or rejects building plans. Besides, it keeps a careful record of all ordinary and extraordinary expenditures and supervises all public works which are undertaken within the Vatican State.

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The burden which Count Serafini, the present *Governatore*, carries on his shoulders is certainly not an easy one. From morning until evening and frequently at night, he works without intermission. That is why his officials call him the first Minister of the Pope —*Il primo ministro del Papa*—and *Il Instancabile*, or 'the Indefatigable.' To Count Serafini is due much of the credit for the speedy execution of Papal plans for the development of the *Città bianca del Vaticano*, the White City of the Vatican, which is the pride of all Catholics. But the Papal State is widely regarded as a model, not merely on account of its impressive buildings and marvelous gardens but also because its administration is so nearly perfect.

II

The strangest position in Vatican City officialdom is that of Stationmaster, since up to now not a single train has arrived at the station or departed from it. Vatican station is an imposing white building, the front of which is decorated with the Papal coat-of-arms. The central hall is large enough to accommodate hundreds of travelers. One of the peculiarities of this station is the fact that although it has a stationmaster, there are no technicians, or supervisors. Nor is there a ticket office; in its place is a valuable picture of Christ.

It has been reported that His Holiness will shortly instruct the Stationmaster to acquire the necessary equipment so that the station can be used. At present the Papal rolling-stock consists merely of a special coach. There is neither engine nor tender. This coach stands in the Central Station in Rome, near the special coach of the King of Italy. Nevertheless, the Vatican station is managed as though a train might arrive or leave at any moment. The floors are washed and all the litter which has been left behind by the crowds of visitors is swept away. The big clock is regularly checked and the electrical signal equipment is overhauled. When this daily routine has been carrried out, word that the station is in order and that the Stationmaster is at his post is sent to the *Governatore*, who then appears to convince himself personally that everything has been done according to the regulations.

Another strange post within the Papal State is that of the 'eagle guard.' Upon the orders of the Pope, this official must twice daily visit the three eagles which are kept in a gigantic cage on the highest point of Vatican Hill. Since they symbolize wisdom and power, these eagles are the only creatures of prey which are permitted to live in the shadow of St. Peter's. Pius XI is very fond of the eagles and frequently visits the cage. He observes with interest their efforts to take off into the air and how their flight always comes to an involuntary end. He admires the dignity which they retain even in captivity. In his eyes the monarchs of the air are perhaps not merely a symbol but a reminder of the happy days when he was unburdened by the thousand-fold sorrows and problems of the whole Catholic world, and could admire their powerful flight from some pinnacle in the Alps.

Not far from the eagles' cage is the Pope's radio station with its powerful transmitter. Signor Marconi personally built it in 1930, but it has since been enlarged. From time to time the Holy Father uses it to send out mes-

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sages to all the Catholics on earth. But other messages which serve the interests of the church are also broadcast. The radio, in fact, has become indispensable in the management of Papal affairs because it enables the Vatican to keep in touch with missions in the remotest parts of Africa and Asia.

Every day, a cannon shot from the Janiculum announces the hour of noon and upon this signal the workers and clerks in Rome and the employees of Vatican City turn their attention to lunch. Only the Pope continues his work, assisted by a number of secretaries. He even grants private audiences at this time. But elsewhere the machinery of the Vatican lies idle until three o'clock, when it again begins to work. At this hour the Pope takes his daily walk, the audiences having been terminated. For a brief space the Supreme Pontiff meditates, and at this time neither his immediate subjects of the 100-acre realm nor visiting Church dignitaries even from the other side of the world may make any claims upon him.

III. Guarding Russian Frontiers

By E. Krieger

Translated from *Izvestia*, Moscow Organ of the Central Executive Committee

SOVIET Russia's frontiers by land and sea extend for more than 40,000 miles—more than one and one-half times the circumference of the earth. For many thousands of miles they run through mountains, dense forests and deserts. Since we are so exposed, how can we protect ourselves against interlopers from neighboring countries which are unfriendly to us?

Let me take you back to the Island of Sakhalin in the year 1920. The fiftieth parallel marked the boundary between our land and that of the Japanese. Our part of the island held as yet untapped riches of oil, coal, gold and lumber. The forests were a rich source of furs and nearby waters were alive with fish. In the Japanese part of the island there was but little oil, the woods had been cut down and fur-bearing animals destroyed. What happened next might have been expected. Moscow was far from Sakhalin and was struggling to defend itself against the invading hordes of Allied Intervention. It was not to be feared—so thought the robber eighteen years ago, and he promptly seized our rich Northern Sakhalin.

Japanese warships anchored off Aleksandrovsk and threatened to shell the defenseless city. Then began the occupation and with it pillage and plunder. The marauders' hands were shaking with greed. They took everything that came their way—oil, fish, lumber, coal and fur. It is a notable fact that during the years of the occupation not a single school, not a single hospital, was built. Japanese culture was mostly represented by the brothels zealously planted wherever the usurpers set their foot.

But there came a time when they had to leave. After the last soldier of the army of occupation had departed, the new Soviet border patrol began a survey along the fiftieth parallel. At first it seemed as if the surveyors

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would be forever swallowed in the impenetrable forests that had never been explored before. There were no paths except bear tracks. All around them seeming solitude, treacherous stillness. They set up a chain of outposts and depôts from the Proliv Tatarski to the Sea of Okhotsk. They studied the 6½ mile frontier zone, marking down every mound, every crevice, every bush. They brought civilization with them into the wilderness. At first they lived in tents. Then, around the outposts, villages and towns began to appear.

There was much work to be done in the first years. The Japanese occupation had left its marks. Many bands of elusive poachers still lurked in the forests. The *Pogranichniki*, as members of the border patrol are called, scattered through the forests. They became adept in finding tracks, in hearing suspicious sounds in the apparent stillness, in seeing suspicious sights in the apparent solitude.

The frontier of Sakhalin, once so defenseless and vulnerable, began to be locked securely against our enemies. Elsewhere—on the Amur, in the vast reaches of Central Asia, in the Caucasus and in Europe from the Black Sea to the Arctic—the story is the same. Enemies of the Soviets who creep uninvited across the frontier feel the ground getting hotter and hotter under their feet. They are being constantly caught in the mountains, forests and deserts. The men patrolling the frontier remain vigilant night and day, in the hottest summer and in the coldest winter, for they know that any day a border clash might develop into war.

Life on the Soviet frontier, with its wide variety of landscape and climate, is a hard but interesting one. The men who guard the frontier must be able to adjust themselves quickly to the conditions around them or else be utterly lost. And these conditions vary: life in the Pamirs requires an entirely different kind of training from that needed on Kamchatka or Sakhalin.

II

In the Pamirs, the mountain ranges of Tien Shan and the Himalayas come together in a sort of a knot. It is an austere, seemingly barren region, but it hides untold wealth of molybdenum, gold, lead, graphite, sulphur and lapis lazuli. It is a strategic region too, for certain imperialistic nations have an eye on it and would use it as means of penetration if it were left unguarded. Therefore it has been necessary to establish military settlements on the frontier. The first outpost was established in 1931 by volunteers who were drawn from the ranks of Middle Asiatic regiments.

It was far from easy to get to their destination. A camel caravan was equipped to transport the men with their families, belongings and provisions for thirteen months, for communication with this particular district was possible only during the summer. Although the natives said that the heights where their outpost was to be established were inaccessible, the wives of the *Pogranichniki* shared all the privations of the expedition with their husbands. Only two of them rode in palanquins; the others traveled on horseback. Out of the sweltering heat the little party climbed into the piercing cold of the heights, swept by rain and snowstorms. Several of the travelers fell sick. The atmosphere at 10,000

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feet above sea-level was so rarefied that it often seemed impossible to breathe, and it was necessary to stop for rest every ten minutes. But the indomitable little party fought its way upward and finally reached the spot that was to be its home.

Here was built the first outpost in this region, called Kalai Vamar. The newcomers had much to learn about the natives under their jurisdiction. The natives fed on dried berries and made out of them a sort of sweet flour called *pikht*. Many of the Tadjiks, poor as they were, had to pay their priest a tithe of all they earned to be sent on to Bombay as a contribution to their Living God, the Aga Khan. The *Pogranichniki* took up educational work as a part of their duties. They tried to teach the Tadjiks not by words and promises but by actions. They built a school-house. They set up a radio-station and electrical power-house. It was at the outpost that the natives saw their first film and almost wrecked the little building in their frantic flight. But they became used to the miracle soon enough and even insisted on having a film shown over and over again. The station also became a sort of makeshift agricultural school. The *Pogranichniki* introduced real flour to the natives. It cost the government twenty-six rubles a *pood* and untold trouble to bring it to these regions but it was sold to the natives for 1½ rubles a *pood*—virtually a gift.

Meanwhile the struggle to close the frontier went on. In the Western Pamirs the *Pogranichniki* caught contrabandists trading in opium and also, on the side, in information for a foreign intelligence service. In the Eastern Pamirs, bordering on China and India, the Basmatch bandit gangs had to be dispersed. In the summer the border guards had to endure the scorching heat, in the winter they faced storms and avalanches; and whatever the season there was the enemy to put down. They had to beware of the *popatach*, a sickness caused by a spider's bite, and of bandits who swam across the Panja at night on sheepskins blown full of air. The nomadic life of the tribes made the tracking down of the enemy an arduous and sometimes a hopeless task. Yet here, too, the frontier was made safe.

I was recently shown a shoe made in the shape of a horse's hoof. Some of those who steal into the Soviet territory in defiance of the frontier laws wear them in order to disguise their tracks. The enemy can put on not only horse's but boar's hooves; he can skulk in in the guise of a wolf or crawl in like a snake; but none of these devices will save him from our loyal and efficient *Pogranichniki*.

IV. A Conference on Swearing

Translated from *Magyarorszag*, Budapest Liberal Weekly

IF SEVERE penalties were imposed for swearing, a considerable proportion of the human race would find talking a dangerous task. Most of us are liable to be guilty at times of the use of swear-words, the quality and forcefulness of which will vary with each individual. Words of this cate-

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gory employed by sergeant-majors will be radically different from the expletives uttered by university dons under emotional stress.

There are well-meaning people, however, to whom swearing is anathema, an offense which savors of sacrilege, and they see in it the deadly enemy of true culture.

So it is not to be wondered at that these people have banded themselves together and convened a conference, which recently met in Athens. The sole item on the agenda was: 'To find ways and means whereby the habit of blaspheming, swearing and ridiculing of conceptions sacred to mankind can be combated.'

Mostly Balkan countries were represented at this conference, but not, presumably, because swearing is less prevalent in Western countries, but because the conference was held under the auspices of the Orthodox Church. A majority of the delegates were priests, and their presence in priestly garb added to the solemnity of the proceedings.

Among the notabilities who took a leading part in the discussions were the Bishop of Athens, the Chief Rabbi of Greece, several Armenian Bishops, and Members of Parliament from various Balkan countries. Before the Conference opened, prayers were offered to God, asking for His guidance for the Conference's efforts to purify human speech.

The first speaker was Professor Hontostanos, of the University of Athens. He surveyed the development of swearing from the earliest days of human history. His learned exposition of the evils of swearing made a deep impression upon the conference. He pointed out that the ancient Greeks had waged a campaign against the use of swear-words, and quoted the following of Xenophon's dictums: 'The first duty of human beings is to respect God in word and deed.'

According to Professor Hontostanos, the Greeks of today had forgotten the teachings of their civilized ancestors, and even the so-called educated classes were guilty of swearing to such an extent that it would bring discredit upon the lowest and most ignorant of louts. He concluded by demanding the introduction in all countries of legislation imposing severe penalties upon all offenders.

Another speaker, however, met with general disapproval when he suggested that God had no need to be protected against the use of bad language, because in the high eminence where He resided no unworthy talk could be heard. They must oppose the use of indecent language because it debased the user. A nation's culture was determined by the extent to which its nationals were addicted to swearing.

One delegate claimed that swearing was most widespread in Greece and Italy. The respective languages of these countries possessed the best, or rather, the worst, swear-words. He also pointed out that swearing was a shortcoming of the Jews in Biblical times, for which they were upbraided by Moses, who exhorted them to cleanse the Hebrew tongue.

A sensation was created at the meeting when a delegate attempted to prove that the economic depressions were the results of the widespread use of bad language. After heated debate, the Conference rejected this point of view on the ground that there were no *statistical data* for its support!

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Rembrandt, 'Ghetto-Painter'

SEVERAL weeks ago Count Baudissin of the Reich Ministry of Education called all German museum directors together to receive instruction as to how the museums could best be cleansed and inculcated with the National Socialist spirit. The lecture was given by Herr Hansen, the man who arranged for the recent Exhibition of Degenerate Art (which, incidentally, was much better attended than the Exhibition of 'Pure' German Art).

The directors, many of whom are recognized art experts, were forced to listen to Herr Hansen announce that the concept of degenerate art must be applied not merely to contemporary art, but also retrospectively to the works of artists of the past. He said, for example, that the German people could hardly be expected to recognize as art the works of a painter like Van Gogh, who had cut off his own ear in a spell of insanity. Spells of insanity are permissible only, it seems, if they happen to German philosophers like Nietzsche, German poets like Hölderlin, or German composers like Schumann.

Mathias Grünewald was also among those regarded as questionable and undesirable from the Nazi point of view. But the climax was reached when Herr Hansen said: 'We reject Rembrandt, the ghetto-painter.' The discussion became so heated that seven directors, among them Professor Schmidt of the Berlin Schloss-Museum, rose in indignation and left the meeting in protest. Count Baudissin, completely taken aback by such unexpected courage and boiling with rage, shouted after them: 'All of you should be put aboard an airplane and dropped off in Madrid!'

Some of those who remained, including Director von Zimmermann, of the Berlin Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, tried to protest against the 'liquidation' of Rembrandt, but they were declared out of order. Since then there has been a feud in German art circles. A complaint has been addressed by the dissident Directors to Herr Rust, the Minister of Education, posing this question: 'May one still regard Rembrandt as an artist in the Third Reich or not?' The Nazi press has thus far ignored the strife, but it is rumored that Göring has on his desk an order for the wholesale dismissal of the revolting directors. A 'Museum Purge' seems to be imminent.

'Daddy' Goebbels's Birthday

SOME time before Dr. Goebbels's most recent birthday, he ordered one of the directors of the UFA Film Studios to his office and outlined a very brilliant idea to him. Dr. Goebbels desired to bring the historic event of his birthday to the attention of the German people and commanded the UFA to produce a motion picture showing the Propaganda Minister among his loved ones. In this way the people would be provided with an example of the perfect, the truly Germanic family life. The picture was to receive the title: *It's Daddy's Birthday.*

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The trembling director did not dare to object, and with appropriate haste the masterpiece was created, costing UFA the trifle of 60,000 marks for a few hundred feet of film. René Dufour describes the picture as follows in the *Pariser Tageszeitung:*—

First 'Daddy' himself, the Propaganda Minister, is seen bidding good-bye to his children. He distributes kisses and embraces freely and is whisked off to his office in an elegant limousine. Next, the innocent daily pleasures of the Goebbels children are shown. Nicely dressed, they drive around in the park of their villa first in a pony cart and then in a little carriage drawn by goats. There follows the children's birthday party. They and their little guests sit around the table and devour enormous quantities of pie and cake with generous helpings of whipped cream. The climax of the picture shows Mrs. Magda Goebbels as a German Madonna, with the youngest Goebbels offspring in her arms, while a lullaby is played.

This picture, a new high in bad taste, was publicly shown in Berlin motion picture theaters at the request of the Minister. It resulted in several near riots which the German press was careful to ignore.

I myself witnessed the first showing of this picture in one of the fashionable Kurfürstendamm theaters. When the children began to drive around in their carts, someone in the audience coughed; several others followed until finally the whole crowd was showing its displeasure by coughing and snorting in unison. But this was nothing compared to the noise which arose when the pictures of the children's birthday party were shown. The sight of 'Daddy's' children eating piles of whipped cream, which is a rare delicacy for most Germans, made the audience furious. There were boos and whistles, and shrill, excited voices called from the darkness: 'Fat-bellied pigs! Show-offs! *We* don't get whipped cream!'

The film ended amid a storm of noise and the UFA did not dare show it a second time in that theater. Goebbels raged like a madman and blamed everything on the 'Kurfürstendamm Jews.' He wanted to force UFA to show the picture further, insisting that the people really loved him. But the company was cautious and tried it out in Schöneberg, a much less fashionable Berlin district. The effect, of course, was identical. The people were equally enraged and forced the discontinuance of the picture. The third attempt to show it in Moabit likewise failed completely. After these three performances, *It's Daddy's Birthday* disappeared. Goebbels has not yet gotten quite over this failure, particularly since he knows that it has made him even more unpopular than he was before.

Russia Rejects Corneille

THE following story is told in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, which is a sort of clearing house for the grievances of Soviet writers: One Comrade A. P. Arsenyeva submitted a translation of Corneille's *Horatius* to the publishing house Isskustvo. In an interview with the director of the dramatic department this scene took place: — Arsenyeva, timidly: 'May I inquire about your report on *Horatius?*'

Director, coldly: 'So you're this Corneille, are you?'

And before the stunned translator had time to reply, he read the following report:—

Too little action. The whole play is built on long monologues dealing with duty, customs, etc. All action seems to take place behind the stage. The characters are not live persons but types. Very low level of artistic quality. Therefore, since the play is not suitable for production, I cannot approve its publication by the Isskustvo.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS

Premium on Bars Sinister

A young Aryan lawyer was consulted by an elderly woman who sought his advice in a rather delicate matter. She was a widow, and her husband had been Jewish. Her son was thus regarded as a half-Jew. Because of this racial defect he was hampered everywhere, a fact which was hurting her all the more since he was not her husband's son but that of an Aryan friend, conceived in adultery. Now, after many years, she had confessed to her son and desired to testify as to his Aryan extraction.

The lawyer promised to help. He went to the proper government agency and told the story. But he had hardly finished when the old official roared with laughter and said: 'My dear man, we hear that story every day. Look at this pile of documents. These are all confessions and petitions like yours, trying to deprive the dead Jewish father, who can no longer defend himself, of his son.'

It seems that since General Milch, Göring's right-hand man, had himself declared not the son of his Jewish father but the son of an Aryan, the cleansing of the family history through proving the adultery of mothers and grandmothers has almost become part of the ethical code of German family life.

—*National-Zeitung*, Basel

Lèse-majesté

Your correspondent's suggestion for some other design than His Majesty's head for postage stamps is worthy of consideration.

The act of giving even his effigy a blow on the jaw with the fist is opposed to loyal feeling, and yet it is done millions of times daily in affixing the postage.

—Letter in *Daily Mirror*, London

Blood-tie

The precious blood of this Italian, spilled so generously on the Yangtze River during the fulfillment of his professional duties, will serve to cement the feeling of friendship between our two countries.

—Telegram sent by the Japanese Ambassador Hotta to the widow of Signor Sandri, the Italian correspondent who was killed in the Panay bombing

French Radicals

The program of the French Radical Party is called program of maximum, because in the maximum time it achieves the minimum of reforms—which permits the Party to preserve its program intact for the next elections.

—*Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

Discretion

I don't wish to be indiscreet, but the German form of government is a little different from ours.

—Wing Commander E. J. Hodsoll, chief of the Air Raids Precautions Department

Grace with Meals

I see that orders have been given in Rome that Italian school children, who are to be provided with lunch at school in future, have a prescribed grace which must be said before they sit down to eat:—'Duce, I thank you for what you are giving me to make me grow up healthy and strong. O Lord, protect the Duce so that he may be long preserved for Fascist Italy.'

All but the poorest children pay for the meal, though some peasant families are allowed to contribute vegetables or fruit instead of cash.

This happy trick of deifying Mussolini and remembering God as an afterthought explains one of the underground stories current in Italy. Father tells little girl she must always say after breakfast, 'Thank God and Mussolini for my nice breakfast.' 'Must I, daddy? And after dinner "Thank God and Mussolini for my nice dinner?"' 'Yes, dear, and after supper, too.' 'And what do I say when Mussolini is dead, daddy?' 'Oh, then, dear, you just say, Thank God.'

—Critic in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

A Japanese Game

The *Japan Times* offers a queer reflection on the popular war games which the younger generation have taken to with such immense relish. Educators and others, this paper writes, are quite alarmed over these play-battles, for the smaller boys, the weaklings and the unpopular lads are invariably made to play the

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rôle of Chinese soldiers. 'They are not only made to run away before the onrush of little Japanese soldiers, but are also called "Chinese" and given abusive language. Thus, all the time, the stronger boys have most of the fun, and the weaker ones do not enjoy it.' The educationalists, the paper adds, fear the effects of this sort of thing on the mind and character of the weaker boys.

—*Japan Weekly Chronicle*, Kobe

No Hoary Victors

When Leslie Hore-Belisha rejuvenated the British Army, General Fuller compiled statistics purporting to show at what age the victorious generals of the last two thousand years won their greatest successes. He found that 47 per cent of all victories were won by generals of forty-seven and under. Only 4 per cent of all victories came to generals over sixty.

—*Die Weltwoche*, Zurich

The New Titus

When the Führer comes to visit Rome, he will pass under the Triumphal Arch of Titus, Conqueror of the Jews, who sacked the Temple of Jerusalem—just another example of Il Duce's forethought.

—*Europe Nouvelle*, Paris

No Naval Race

Although no 'naval race' with Mussolini will be undertaken, it is the policy of the British Cabinet to maintain naval superiority in the Mediterranean over any nation or any likely combination of nations.

It will be made clear that Britain is prepared to 'go one better' than any other country in sea or air armaments. The coming year's naval program will be by far the biggest ever undertaken.

—*Sunday Express*, London

Chicken Feed

An official of the National Economic Chamber honored a farmer with his visit and was amazed at the exceptionally good appearance of his chickens.

'These are model chickens,' he said. 'What do you feed them?'

'Grain,' the farmer said, 'ordinary grain.'

'But don't you know the latest food decree?' the official asked. 'That may mean jail for you. It is strictly prohibited to use grain for feed.'

Two weeks later an agent of the Reich Peasant Authority visited the farmer. He, too, noticed the chickens.

'What do you feed the chickens?'

'The chickens? Well . . . they get garbage.'

'You must know that garbage does not belong in a poultry yard,' the official said in a stern voice. 'Garbage must be preserved for fattening pigs and must be placed at the disposal of the National Socialist People's Welfare Organization. Don't forget that!'

Two weeks later a third supervisor arrived. The very same conversation ensued:—

'And what do you feed your chickens?'

'The chickens? Oh, I no longer feed them at all. Every Sunday each chicken gets one mark from which it must provide its own board.'

—*Neues Tage-Buch*, Paris

Delenda Britannia

Lieutenant-General Itami, retired, who visited England in 1922 with the present Emperor, said that at that time he became convinced that his grandson would witness the fall of the British Empire. At the time of the Manchurian affair in 1931, he concluded that the collapse would occur in his son's lifetime. But now he is convinced that the decline and fall will be consummated in his own lifetime.

—*Hinode* (Sunrise) Tokyo

Teruel

'Teruel?' I asked my friend who has traveled much in Spain. 'What sort of place was it before the siege? Now, I suppose, it is a heap of ruins. Was it a pleasant place before?' He replied: 'I once spent a night there. I remember it as a draughty, undistinguished town. And in the bedroom of the hotel where I slept there was a notice which ran: "Guests are requested not to clean their boots on the counterpane and not to play the mandoline after midnight."'

—Critic in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

Scarcely Proper

Copies of German translations of Lord Baldwin's and President Roosevelt's speeches, published in Lucerne by Swiss editors, which were sent to Germany for sale, have been returned to Switzerland as 'undesirable literature.'

—*Times*, London

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BOOKS ABROAD

Mr. Maugham's Pattern

The Summing Up. *By W. Somerset Maugham. London. Heinemann. 1937.*

(Graham Greene in the *Spectator*, London)

KINGLAKE once referred to 'that nearly immutable law which compels a man with a pen in his hand to be uttering every now and then some sentiment not his own,' and compared an author with a French peasant under the old régime, bound to perform a certain amount of work upon the public highways. I doubt if any author has done—of recent years—less highway labor than Mr. Maugham.

I say 'of recent years' because, as he himself admits in this summing-up of his life and work, he passed like other writers through the stage of tutelage—and to the most unlikely people, the translators of the Bible and Jeremy Taylor. That stage lasted longer with Mr. Maugham than with most men of equal talent—there is at the heart of his work a humility and a self-distrust rather deadening in their effects, and his stories as late as *The Painted Veil* were a curious mixture of independent judgment when he was dealing with action and of *clichés* when he was expressing emotion.

An author of talent is his own best critic—the ability to criticize his own work is inseparably bound up with his talent: it *is* his talent, and Mr. Maugham defines his limitations perfectly: 'I knew that I had no lyrical quality. I had a small vocabulary and no efforts that I could make to enlarge it much availed me. I had little gift of metaphor; the original and striking simile seldom occurred to me;' and in a passage—which is an excellent example of his hard-won style at its best, clear, colloquial, honest—he relates his limitations to his character:—

'It did not seem to me enough merely to write. I wanted to make a pattern of my life, in which writing would be an essential element, but which would include all the other activities proper to man. . . . I had many disabilities. I was small; I had endurance but little physical strength; I stammered; I was shy; I had poor health. I had no facility for games, which play so great a part in the normal life of Englishmen; and I had, whether for any of these reasons or from nature I do not know, an instinctive shrinking from my fellow-men that has made it difficult for me to enter into any familiarity with them. . . . Though in the course of years I have learned to assume an air of heartiness when forced into contact with a stranger, I have never liked anyone at first sight. I do not think I have ever addressed someone I did not know in a railway carriage or spoken to a fellow-passenger on board ship unless he first spoke to me. . . . These are grave disadvantages both to the writer and the man. I have had to make the best of them. I have followed the pattern I have made with persistence. . . . I think it was the best I could hope for in the circumstances and with the very limited powers that were granted to me by nature.'

'IT DID not seem enough to me merely to write,' and even in this personal book the author is unwilling to communicate more than belongs to his authorship; he does not, like a professional autobiographer, take us with commercial promptitude into his confidence. His life has contained material for dramatization, and he has used it for *fiction*. There is the pattern in his writing and we are not encouraged to look for its reverse in life: the hospital career (the public pattern is in *Liza of Lambeth*); the secret agent in Geneva (we can turn to *Ashenden*); the traveler—there are many books. The

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sense of privacy, so rare and attractive a quality in an author, deepens in the bare references to secret service experiences in Russia, just before the Revolution, of which we find no direct trace in his stories.

The nearest Mr. Maugham comes to a confidence is in the description of his religious belief—if you can call agnosticism a belief—and the fact that on this subject he is ready to speak to strangers makes one pause. There are signs of muddle, contradictions—hints of an inhibition. Otherwise one might trace here the deepest source of his limitations, for creative art seems to remain a function of the religious mind. Mr. Maugham the agnostic is forced to minimize pain, vice, the importance of his fellow men. He cannot believe in a God who punishes and he cannot therefore believe in the importance of a human action. 'It is not difficult,' he writes, 'to forgive people their sins'—it sounds like charity, but it may be only contempt.

In another passage he refers with understandable scorn to writers who are 'grandiloquent to tell you whether or no a little trollop shall hop into bed with a commonplace young man.' That is a plot as old as *Troilus and Cressida*, but to the religious sixteenth-century mind there was no such thing as a commonplace young man or an unimportant sin; the creative writers of that time drew human characters with a clarity we have never regained (we had to go to Russia for it later) because they were lit with the glare and significance that war lends. Rob human beings of their heavenly and their infernal importance, and you rob your characters of their individuality and it has never been Mr. Maugham's characters that we have remembered so much as the narrator, with his contempt for human life, his unhappy honesty.

[The Summing Up *by W. Somerset Maugham will be published in the United States by Doubleday, Doran and Company.*]

The Forty-Seven Ronin

CHUSHINGURA, OR THE FORTY-SEVEN RONIN. *Translated and edited by Jukichi Inouye. Tokyo: Maruzen. 1937.*

(From the *Japan Chronicle*, Kobe)

SOMETHING over two hundred years ago the murder by the forty-seven *ronin* caused an enormous sensation. Takumino-Kami, the Lord of Ako, who was tricked into losing his temper, caused a disturbance in the Palace where he was on duty as officer. He thereby showed great disrespect to the Imperial House, and on that ground was given into the charge of the Lord of Ichinoseki, who ordered him to commit *seppuku*. Calmly he put an end to himself. His retainers, losing their means of livelihood with the ruin of their lord's house, became *ronin* (bandits) and formed a league which had for its aim the murder of Kozuke-no-Suke, the Daimyo who had entrapped their lord and caused the original tragedy. In the twelfth month of the fifteenth year of Genroku (January, 1703) they had their revenge.

Then, as now, the question of whether it was right or not hardly seems to have been considered. Indeed, the fact that it was so wrong that the law could find no palliation for it gave it its admirable character, for it converted it from a murder into an act of self-sacrifice. Had there been eloquent counsel to plead the good motive, and a judiciary ready to pass sentence 'with stay of execution,' there would have been very little in it. The whole glamour lay in the fact that the law of that day stood for no nonsense, and that for the murder of so important a personage as the Daimyo all the murderers must suffer; and, as they were all Samurai, they were all permitted the honorable end of slitting their bellies.

The sensation that the murder caused was enhanced, as explained in the opening recitative of the *Chushingura*, by the fact that there had been a good deal of talk about the canker of a calm world and a

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long peace: the land thrilled at this proof that courage still existed, since so large a company could be found to bring about their own deaths by participating in a murder. The story itself was bleak enough, but in the play it is mixed up with the incidents of a Montague-and-Capulet quarrel of several centuries before, and every detail was added that could make it more admirable. The result is one of the world's great dramas, but it also gives a strange insight into what was considered—and still is considered—admirable.

The very unworthiness of the man for whom such sacrifices were made is rather emphasized, as though to show it was a matter of principle and not of personality. The Lord of Ako is represented as being a far from intelligent person. It is from a lack of sense and self-control rather than from high-mindedness that he incurs the death penalty by falling into the trap of an insult in the Palace and drawing his sword. But the faithful retainers are as studious for revenge as though he were the most splendid and the worst treated man on earth.

One could hardly expect a Christian conception of the wrongness of revenge in Old Japan, for we cannot find that even in modern Europe. But the revenge sought here was that of the type of the Corsican vendetta, with the family obligation extended over a whole fief, and the individual duty taken up by a large group. It was not entirely impersonal, however, for the punishment of the Lord of Ako had included the demolition of his castle and the disbanding of his retainers. They were homeless and ruined men, but they could have obtained employment under other lords. This, however, they would not do, but devoted themselves to the murder of the man who had insulted their master.

The details that shed a special luster on their act are interesting. The chief conspirator deserted his family and took to drink, not to speak of concubines, in order to lull suspicion. Others of the company did much the same, and some of their wives and families are supposed to have starved to death as a consequence. But this was only the more splendid! The girl who turns harlot for bread helps to minister to the revenge of the forty-seven, and there is no qualm felt; it does not tarnish the glory, but makes it all the more effulgent.

THERE is probably no matter on which European and Japanese morality would part company more completely than on this revenge of the Ako Samurai. There is not merely the question of whether revenge is right, but whether the sacrifice of innocent and helpless dependents is demanded even in a less dubious cause than that of revenge. It is the more significant, therefore, that the murder happened not in the mythological past but in well-documented recent history, and that it was not used merely to fan the embers of a dying feudal system, but is today the ideal of personal loyalty that is taught to everybody. It is believed that the boosting of this tale assists to maintain morale and loyalty, and to keep alive the ideals that make a great and unified nation. Yet if the principle preserved is that of the permissibility of revenge on behalf of feudal overlords, there would appear to be some danger that in certain circumstances the *Chushingura* is packed with dangerous thoughts.

However, when the late Mr. Jukichi Inouye prepared his original translation of the play, the story of the forty-seven *ronin* was beginning to be taken at a discount. He was able to say in his preface, 'We can hardly imagine how cheap life was held in the old times . . . and we can hardly bring ourselves into sympathy with those lovers who, taking their lives into their own hands, have become subjects of songs for their suicide. When even we Japanese at the present time are thus out of touch with much that was of common occurrence in our forefathers' days two centuries ago, it is only to be expected

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that Old Japan should appear almost imcomprehensible to the Western peoples.'

Mr. Inouye's 'almost' makes his sentence an understatement. If to comprehend is to understand, then Old Japan is quite incomprehensible. This preface is, incidentally, an interesting and a very necessary introduction for any reader who may happen to come fresh to the story of the forty-seven. Only after digesting this introduction, insofar as it is digestible, will he be prepared for the highlights of Act VII, where, in a brothel, brother meets sister.

HEIYEMON: Are you not my sister?

OKARU: Oh, is it you, brother? I am ashamed to be seen here.

Not, one notes, 'Oh, brother, I am ashamed to see you here.' Okaru, poor girl, did not have much say in the matter when her palanquin took her to the brothel, and of them all had least reason to be ashamed of her actions.

Okaru, reading a tell-tale letter, had learned of the plot to revenge the Lord of Ako.

HEIYEMON: I see now. Sister, your life is doomed; give it to me.

(*He draws his sword and strikes at her, but she springs aside.*)

OKARU: O brother, what have I done? As I have my husband Yampei and my two parents, you cannot do as you will with me. All my pleasure now is to be redeemed and see once more my parents and husband. Whatever I may have done, I will ask your pardon. Forgive me, pardon me.

HEIYEMON: My poor, poor sister, then you know nothing? Our father Yoichibei was struck down and murdered on the night of the twenty-ninth day of the sixth moon.

OKARU: Heavens, and how?

HEIYEMON: There is something more to startle you. Your husband Yampei, whom you think to join when you are redeemed, has disemboweled himself and died.

And then Heiyemon, having so narrowly failed to murder his sister, confides his suspicion that the Samurai who had talked of redeeming her intends only to slay her.

There is certainly no lack of blood and flashing blades, and no better display anywhere of the old knightly code. Mr. Inouye's translation of *Chushingura* is an admirable one, and has already stood the test of four editions, the first issued twenty-seven years ago. There are only minor changes in the present edition—which has been edited by Mr. Tozo Inouye, the late Jukichi Inouye's son—and the beautiful binding and the woodcut illustration have been preserved completely.

MAN'S FATE IN SPAIN

L'ESPOIR. *By André Malraux. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 1937.*

(Armand Petitjean in *Vendredi*, Paris)

TO ALL those who are anxious about the fate of humanity there is nothing more reassuring than the fact that a man like André Malraux not only passed pure and intact through a major crisis but has even been enriched thereby—that the Spanish war itself served, in a certain sense, to humanize him. At a time when so many minds see Man as a *fait accompli*, and think more of his heritage from the past than of his future achievements, Malraux is perhaps the first man in France to enter consciously and willingly into the history of the twentieth century.

Probably his admirers, those fanciers of confessions who are expecting great thrills from this writer-aviator, will be disappointed—for which the Lord be praised—by his account of the first eight months of the Spanish civil war. Malraux has ceased to be a private individual, or, to put it more accurately, the classifications of public and private do not concern him any longer; he is what he does and he writes what he does. Fighting for Spain and writing this book are parts of the same gesture. It is quite in vain to look in

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L'Espoir for a broad survey of the Spanish war. It tells only of events at which he himself was present—and in his capacity of organizer and chief of the first international Loyalist air squadron, he was confined to a task which was important but of necessity limited. His post as an aviator provides an excellent vantage point but not the ubiquitous one of a god or a historian.

In this book about war, the man is submerged in the event. It may not give me a very clear idea of how much Malraux has contributed to the Loyalists' improvised defense in his capacity as air-commander; but it does show me what it did to him as a writer between the years 1935–1937.

The first and most fundamental experience of Malraux's generation, which reached manhood soon after the Great War, was the horror of war which had seized those intellectuals who had been forced to take up arms. This horror led to repugnance for action in any form, and accounts for the sharp separation between thought and action to which the post-War man was only too prone. Among his contemporaries Malraux was distinguished by a profoundly revolutionary temperament. Nothing vexes such a temperament as a pseudo-peace, which the post-War period undoubtedly was. So Malraux came to be accused by his contemporaries of dilettantism, of nervousness, dogmatism and heroics of the pre-War vintage. I must confess that even to me the motives of his trips to China and the satisfaction that he found there, in spite of all the human overtones with which he was able to invest them, seemed too individualistic. His actions were too romantic, his plots too artificial, his style too tense and life as conceived by him too brief and unpalatable.

But now war came to his very threshold to seek him out. He did not need to travel thousands of miles or to make tremendous efforts of the imagination. And never was there a book written in a vein of more sustained and effective realism than *L'Espoir*—because it was lived through and arose from a tragic reality. Never has Malraux's style or language been more direct. Here words are backed by acts, acts are backed by men, and Spain, humanity, the whole world are behind these men. For the first time, in these final pages which are so full of heroic imagery, Malraux seems to find the meaning of the universe. A catastrophe—more specifically, the wrecking of his plane against a mountain peak—helps him to see the calm and the eternity of the world. 'For it was not death that at that moment had come into harmony with the mountains. It was the will of Man.'

AND yet the book is something more than a personal experience of a spirit that is essentially aggressive and militant. Malraux's experience in Spain envisages the ordeal which awaits Western civilization. And he has shown that a man, who together with others awaits the cataclysm, need not renounce his humanity, but can instead reaffirm and enoble it.

One of Malraux's heroes, a Communist officer who once had been an ethnologist says: 'Deducing the psychology of man from his party affiliations would be the same as claiming that I could reconstruct the psychology of my Peruvians from their religious legends.' Accordingly, Malraux's characters—Magnin the revolutionary Socialist, Ximenes the Catholic, Manuel the Communist, and others—are given sufficient individuality to allow them to take on both universal and human significance. These characters will never perish. We see them all around us. They will be found everywhere in the Europe that is to come.

It is when Malraux describes the Civil War as a war of the peasants fighting for their right to the soil they cultivate that he confers upon it its European and even world-wide significance. He finishes *L'Espoir* with a chapter on the peasants.

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And it is in them that he puts his hope: 'Magnin perceived the century-old struggle of the men who cultivate the land against the hereditary owner of that land, as a simple and fundamental fact like birth, joy or death.'

But beyond the experience of the individual, there is that of the group. 'Men, united at once by hope and by common action, like human beings united by love, will reach heights which alone they cannot reach.' It seems to me that Malraux has never before felt as deeply this confidence in human solidarity. Seen in this light, neither his labors nor those of the thousands of fighters who had fallen in Spain will ever be lost. The Spanish peasants who, through armed struggle, have entered into the circuit of civilization, will never leave it again.

'To transmute into consciousness as large an experience as possible'—this has always been Malraux's conception of his task. That is what he has done in this book. But there is more to it than that. *L'Espoir* is the first book since the War which shows that the qualities of a thinker and a doer are no longer incompatible.

[*André Malraux's* L'Espoir *will be published in the United States by Random House.*]

Life at Petersburg

The Letters of Tsar Nicholas and Empress Marie. *Edited by Edward J. Bing. London: Nicholson and Watson. 1937.*

(A. J. P. Taylor in the *Manchester Guardian*)

THE letters between Nicholas II and his mother are similar to any other letters between mother and son, affectionate and a little artificial. There is family news—'Granny sends her love,' 'Misha is seeing "that person" again' (a commoner; he married her in the end!) 'Uncle Paul came to tea yesterday'—which differs from other family news only in that it deals with Kings and Queens, Grand Dukes, and Emperors. There are the trivial events of travel and of the weather, and there are intimate details—'I have lately been constipated,' 'Our little dog has died,' 'I had one of my little fits of nerves.'

Every now and then the cares of the throne obtrude: the rather dull-witted, unimaginative son has inherited a task which is quite beyond him and which is going badly, but he is anxious to impress his mother with his activity and resolution. Perhaps his mother really believed in this strong Tsar who compels his Ministers to reach decisions and who knows how to deal with revolutions—'terror must be met with terror.' Actually his sole contribution to solving the problems of Russia was ceaseless inspection of regiments—'the cheering was terrific'—in order to keep them in good humor. Nicholas had no other contact with his people; the death of Tolstoi, for example, is dismissed with the words: 'This event is being much discussed and written about a great deal—a great deal too much, in my opinion.'

In foreign politics this last possessor of a bankrupt concern was equally at sea. Papa having made the Franco-Russian alliance, Nicholas must go on with it; the French generals are 'such good, kind men,' and 'in France one saw kind and jolly faces, but here [in Germany] everything was black and dark and boring.'

The translation is excellent and the editorial arrangement admirably clear. The letters have the attraction which always attends a glimpse behind the scenes and will interest all those who like to be convinced that monarchs are human beings; but history will be hard put to it to make Nicholas II a hero.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT IN CENTRAL EUROPE. *By M. W. Fodor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1937. 316 pages. $3.50.*

'THE fate of all of us may be decided in some Yugoslav village or Hungarian coffee shop. Fodor tells us why and how.' So says John Gunther in his introduction to this book. Fodor has for many years served the *Manchester Guardian* and other newspapers as Central European correspondent. He knows best Vienna, his headquarters. But he also knows, with an enviable store of background information, the tangled web of the greater Balkans which the peace treaties created. In short, he has a flair for Serajevos.

Fodor discusses all the main issues concerning this area with great clarity. He makes vivid with concrete and interesting examples the economic nationalism which has afflicted Central Europe since the World War. He describes the German trade drive through the Balkans, by which Dr. Schacht won friends by the curious process of going into debt to them. There exists no better account—not even John Gunther's—of Germany's attempt to batter down Austrian resistance in July, 1934; nor of Italy's part in blocking Germany on that occasion. Fodor rightly devotes much space to the Italian dilemma, on which hangs Austria's fate. Can Italy tolerate a German occupation of Austria? And if not, what will become of the Rome-Berlin Axis? But all this, however illuminating the interpretation, has received ample discussion by many expert hands in the past few years. The rest of *Plot and Counterplot*, however, far transcends the familiar.

The peculiar value of this book lies in the fresh sidelights which the author exhumes from his many years of reporting. He contributes facts about dozens of events which may alter the verdict of historians. For instance, he reveals that sinister character Eugenio Morreale, Vienna correspondent of the *Popolo d'Italia*, who acted as Mussolini's secret agent and who advised the Duce to mobilize Italian troops along the Brenner in July, 1934. And Colonel Vyx. Because of the dictatorial methods of this French officer, Count Karolyi failed in his attempt to save the young Hungarian Republic in 1919 and gave way to Béla Kun and his Communist régime. Fodor also tells the story of the Burgenland, a part of which Hungary lost to Austria after the War. Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, it seems, had planned to give the whole of Burgenland to Austria in return for the privilege of using it as a corridor to connect their two territories. If only beleaguered Czechoslovakia had such a corridor today! Now all this is much more than marginalia. These stories supply the missing parts of many a jig-saw puzzle and light up important aspects of the whole Central European situation.

Plot and Counterplot is neither well-written, nor well organized. It also has disappointing lacunae. Why has the author, with his vast knowledge of Austria, slurred over the incredible figure of Fritz Mandl, the 'pocket Zaharoff,' and the rôle which the Alpin Montan Iron Company played in the Nazi *putsch?* But in spite of these deficiencies, Fodor's book remains, and probably will remain for some time, the best work on contemporary Central Europe and the Balkans.

—FRANK C. HANIGHEN

PEACEFUL CHANGE. *By F. S. Dunn. New York: Council on Foreign Relations. 1937. 156 pages. $1.50.*

THE present spread of war in the world, whether declared or not, has given an impetus to books on international affairs and on America's place in the coming struggle. Mr. Dunn's volume is concerned not so much with America's rôle on the world stage as with the enactment of the whole drama. He has made a comprehensive study of the factors making for war and the procedures which have been established in the effort to avoid it.

Precisely because of its acute analysis, the book leaves the reader with the feeling that force is destined to remain for a long time the main method of conducting international disputes. The author shows that force still is, and necessarily must be, present as a threat to insure the acceptance of much of the so-called peaceful procedure. National interests, or what governments think are national inter-

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ests, dominate foreign policies and are difficult to reconcile with any scheme for international peace.

Dealing with that major source of inter-imperialist strife, the command of natural resources, Mr. Dunn writes: 'it is idle to expect that nations possessing an abundance of raw materials could be persuaded to give them up in order to increase the war potential of other nations.' And since as he says in another passage, 'the most significant thing to note about these international procedures of peaceful change is that they are all, with but one very limited exception, *voluntary* with the nations concerned,' he rightly considers many of our international conferences the result of wishful thinking. Mr. Dunn is not, however, entirely pessimistic. Accepting the limitations imposed by the persistence of national sovereignty, he suggests a number of useful improvements in the existing peace mechanisms.

—Michael Ross

America South. *By Carleton Beals. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1937. 559 pages. $3.50.*

A History of Argentina. *By Ricardo Levene. Translated and edited by W. S. Robertson. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1937. 565 pages. $4.00.*

BOTH Mr. Beals's facility with words and his fresh view of old things are evident in the title of his latest book. While scholars dispute the merits and demerits of 'Latin America,' 'Hispanic America' and other designations for the vast region south of the Rio Grande, Mr. Beals, by inverting the old familiar term South America, creates an all-inclusive name that can provoke no quibblings from historians, ethnologists, geographers or philologists.

Like its subject, the book is a glittering polychrome. America South is a region of steaming jungles, glaciers, lush vegetation, barren mountains, Indian peasants, silk-hatted capitalists, ox-carts, express air routes, thatched huts, skyscrapers, poets and bombing planes. All of this complex panorama Mr. Beals has tried to capture and interpret—a formidable task, particularly in view of the fact that to the dimensions of space are added those of time.

Mr. Beals starts with the primitive civilizations of pre-Columbian America, carries us through the conquest, the colonial and independence periods, and up to modern times. The generals, dictators, landlords, priests, politicians, idealists and educators of America South are painted boldly and with emphasis on their ugly or encouraging aspects, according to the author's predilections. Sometimes brilliant, sometimes tending to the journalistic treatment of history, Mr. Beals is at least always provocative.

His comments on the current scene—the vigorous and irrepressible Apra group, the present clash of ideologies, each seeing a different path along which America South should travel—are particularly stimulating. In discussing the relations between America South and the United States Mr. Beals gives free play to his pet aversions—the 'sen-sen breath of official approval,' the 'pin-stripe discretion' of diplomacy, everything that for him constitutes officialdom and not the peoples. His hope is in peoples, not governments.

His ideal is of inter-American coöperation among nations free from the 'military pseudo-Fascist dictators' he now sees dominant in Latin America. Whether or not one agrees with it, his is a point of view that clears the air of many cobwebs and challenges those interested in the future of Pan-Americanism to a more realistic interpretation of the social and economic forces in an area that has changed mightily since the days of Mr. Monroe. President Roosevelt has sought to tie the continent to his ideals of democracy and international peace; but with the many 'isms' abroad in Latin America it is problematical whether he can say as Mr. Clay did in 1821: 'It is in our power to create a system of which we shall be in the center and in which all South America will act with us.'

A History of Argentina is the first volume in a series which is designed to make translations of histories of the Latin-American Republics by native scholars available to the American public. Señor Levene is one of Argentina's foremost historians, and his book has long been used as a text in the secondary schools of his country. Professor William Spence Robertson, an authority in Latin-American history, has made a painstaking and scholarly translation. The combination offers a work of considerable value to those who are unfamiliar with Spanish but desire to acquaint themselves with the history of one of the leading Republics in South America.

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It is unfortunate that while Señor Levene is referred to as an influential figure in the 'new school' of historical writing in Buenos Aires, this 'new school,' viewed beside that of Turner, Beard and others in the United States, is decidedly old. In no country in Latin America have economic forces been more potent in shaping the course of events than in Argentina, from the days of the colony to the revolt against Irigoyen in 1930. Yet Levene's history deals chiefly in political and military matters; and, as is true with most Latin-American historians, he sees 'aspirations' as the chief forces in the evolution of nations.

Nevertheless, given the paucity of reliable materials in English, this contribution to knowledge of the history of one of the most important Latin-American Republics is to be welcomed.

—Earle K. James

Morocco as a French Economic Venture, A Study of Open Door Imperialism. *By Melvin M. Knight. With a Preface by Charles A. Beard. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1937. 244 pages. $2.25.*

NORTH Africa, from Tangier to Port Said, is a seething mass of economic rivalries and political tensions. The world's premier Fascist Powers, operating in and through Spain, are transforming the whole Mediterranean littoral into a proving ground for a mighty conflict between themselves and the still hesitant but increasingly nervous democratic governments.

Professor Knight, of the University of California, undertakes in this small but meaty volume to summarize, in technical rather than popular fashion, the main problems of French colonial policy in Morocco. As a seasoned authority, he is well qualified to do so, and Americans—as Professor Beard points out in his preface—would do well to heed the many political and economic dangers of 'one "open door" swinging and banging on its hinges' in French Morocco.

The material is arranged roughly in four parts: (1) Historic and economic backgrounds in North Africa, with a concise account of French occupation and policy (including the Lyautey period); (2) the impact of the world depression upon the territory, with a detailed analysis of the special agricultural and industrial issues involved; (3) the nature and effects of the French 'protectionist' policy which has been followed since 1933; (4) and the present dilemma of imperialism, complicated by internal Nationalist strivings, quota and restriction schemes and the extraordinary difficulties created in the sphere of foreign policy by the Popular Front victories.

Owing largely to its compact form and to the liberal use of statistics on production, prices and administrative costs, the volume is not easy reading. Nor do we hear any echoes of the Spanish conflict, which is a pity. Professor Knight's admitted purpose was to appraise French Morocco as 'a national economic venture.' This he has done with commendable skill, and to the discomfiture of those who believe that colonies or mandates *per se* are, or ever can be, economic panaceas.

—Harold Ward

French Indo-China. *By Virginia Thompson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. 494 pages. $5.00.*

INDO-CHINA is not a major Far Eastern area, but it has played its part in Oriental developments and deserves careful study. Dr. Thompson has therefore made a real contribution in presenting this very thorough and well-written account of the country's economic and cultural character, the history of French conquest and administration, and the reaction of both natives and Frenchmen to French colonial administration.

It becomes clear in the course of the book that the natives have paid heavily for French rule. The author notes that Indo-China's economic ties to France are largely artificial: the real economic bond is with China, the largest buyer of Indo-Chinese rice, for rice is the heart of the colony's economy, being its chief product, food and export.

Government monopolies of opium, salt and alcohol are the main sources of revenue. We read that 'Prisons are filled with unfortunates whose crime has been to prefer the cheaper and better contraband article, or to have had an enemy to denounce their fictitious guilt.' It is significant also that 'Indo-China's general budget in 1930 bore a 16 per cent subsidy of extraneous French enterprises in the Far East.' Is it the foreigner, or the native, who bears the white man's burden?

The author does not, however, condemn French rule as a whole, but stresses efforts to

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improve conditions. She concludes that 'The State's care of the Indo-Chinese worker is legally superior to that of . . . other Far Eastern countries, even Japan, and is undeniably in advance of the social status of the workers.' Since the Popular Front Government was new when she wrote, she says little of its policy except to mention that under it Indo-China's labor code has been completed. Other sources indicate that the Popular Front, occupied by the turbulent domestic scene, has made no significant changes in French colonial policy.

This is the best of the few English works dealing with the subject. It is, for example, far more comprehensive and profound than Ennis's *French Policy and Developments in Indo-China*, which was published in 1936. It is unfortunate that the author did not know the Annamite language. If she had, she would probably have devoted more than twenty pages, out of almost five hundred, to nationalism in Indo-China. Native nationalism is today one of the most dynamic forces in the colonial world and certainly deserves fuller treatment.

—Lawrence K. Rosinger

At the Paris Peace Conference. *By James T. Shotwell. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1937. 444 pages. $4.00.*

THE larger part of this volume consists of the day-by-day record which Professor Shotwell kept at the Paris Peace Conference. Preceding the diary are five brief chapters of 'Retrospect,' dealing with 'The Inquiry,' 'The Wilsonian Program,' the 'Organization of the Peace Conference,' 'The Treaties,' and 'Social Justice in the Peace Treaties.' In some respects these early chapters are the most interesting part of the book, since they contain the reflections of a keen and intelligent participant in the historic events preceding and during the Peace Conference.

'The Inquiry' was conducted by a group of outstanding university and college professors who were charged primarily with the duty of assembling data on the various problems that would come before the Peace Conference for the guidance of the American delegates. When the Conference assembled, some of the members of the Inquiry were called upon to aid in drafting important parts of the treaties. It appears that the relations between the members of the Inquiry and their chairman, Dr. Sidney E. Mezes, a brother-in-law of Colonel House, were not always harmonious. On one occasion when the crisis over the Fiume question was at its height, Dr. Mezes opposed the findings of his associates and they appealed directly to the President. To this incident Professor Shotwell attributes the beginning of the estrangement between President Wilson and Colonel House.

In considering the reasons for the failure to realize the Wilsonian program at the Peace Conference, the author, in addition to noting the obvious difficulty of translating abstract ideals into concrete proposals, attributes the failure partly to the lack of coördination between the experts on the Inquiry and the members of the American Delegation in the early weeks of the Conference. Professor Shotwell also maintains that a major blunder of the Conference was the preparation of a detailed and definitive treaty without consulting the German delegates. Beyond these tactical blunders which might have been avoided, the fundamental difficulty was the immensity of the task which the Peace Conference attempted to accomplish. The delegates at Paris undertook not merely to end a war but literally to remake the world. Says Professor Shotwell:—

'Covering so vast a field, which included almost all the conditions of life in all Europe and of much of the colonial world outside, the Treaty was prepared in more than a dozen different commissions, each working at its own task and each task large enough for a full-sized treaty of its own: territorial questions, economics, conditions of trade, the safeguards of minorities and nationalities, and all of the problems arising from the devastation of war and the menace of its recurrence. It was only when these separate sections were finally put together that the makers of the different parts of the treaty became aware of the nature of the whole document.'

Confronted by such an overwhelming task it is surprising that the Conference did not make even greater blunders than those which were incorporated in the Treaties.

The diary itself is naturally discursive, although Professor Shotwell's account of the preparation of the clauses dealing with the International Labor Office is thorough and revealing. Against indifference, and sometimes ill-disguised opposition, Professor Shot-

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well and a small group of liberals worked incessantly to incorporate in the treaty what may prove to be its most lasting and beneficent provisions.

—NELSON P. MEAD

REHEARSAL IN OVIEDO. *By Joseph Peyré. Translated from the French by R. H. Torres. New York: Knight Publishers. 1937. 214 pages. $2.00.*

THOSE American reviewers who have praised *Rehearsal in Oviedo* for its 'cinematic clarity' or declared that it 'cuts deeper than Ernest Hemingway' are forgetting, to put it mildly, that the starkest plot has its broader implications. In Peyré's novel the title gives them all, and they are all subtle propaganda for a Fascist victory. If what the novel presents as happening in Oviedo in 1934 was a preliminary rehearsal for the present civil war, the present Spanish Government will lose and will deserve to lose. Morenu, the technical hero, is as much a trained automaton on the side of the rebelling Asturian miners as is the Civic Guard in behalf of law and order. But the men who follow him are undisciplined, and the civil authorities behind their machine-guns in the tower of the cathedral are impregnable in disposition as well as in arms, food and fortification. It is only a matter of days before they will be relieved by government troops, and the rebellion crushed. Meanwhile Morenu has led an assault against his brother-in-law and killed his sister who has remained loyal to her husband. At the end, with this deed on his conscience, wounded, his men in flight, he wanders into the wolf-infested mountains.

It is difficult for the reader to adjust himself to the situation in the novel, in which the present position of Rebels and Government is reversed. Unless he is able to interpret the events in the light of their historic background, through having already taken sides on the Spanish question, the novel will merely set up in him contradictions which reinforce an immediate attitude of neutrality and indifference—a plague on both their houses. For the hero awakens only the limited sympathy one feels for a domestic animal that has strayed.

But underneath this immediate attitude, the novel succeeds in stirring up a mélange of emotional reactions which are all in one way or other favorable to the Fascists. Peyré has assumed the worker's viewpoint in order to show that it can only lead to tragedy in the classic style. He has disguised his own reactionary intention by utilizing the literary method of the objective novel. His 'clarity' has justified his writing of the suffering and death of modern warfare with a Fascist callousness. Workers and children die in the streets with 'cinematic' nonchalance. But Peyré sees to it that we remember the dead sister, killed by a worker, though she is the only casualty on the Fascist side. The emotion which Peyré permits to seep in is invariably a prejudice against the proletarian movement. He depicts their uprising as a pathetic and deluded gesture in defiance of the power of those who have been trained to rule and who, in the novel, illustrate their competence with a cold-blooded efficiency which M. Peyré accepts with the respect due to a law of nature.

—EDWIN BERRY BURGUM

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WORLD TRADE

BUSINESS MEN throughout the world began the year 1937 in a spirit of optimism; some of the wisest economists, on the other hand, warned of a boom followed by a slump. At the beginning of 1938 it was the businessmen and bankers who have been pessimistic, while the economists have cautiously asserted that there would be improvement. Yet the pall of political uncertainty which hangs over business within most of the leading nations, and over world trade, remains so heavy that no one of repute dares to be optimistic. The London *Economist* gave this thumb-nail description of world conditions at the end of January:—

'The decline in British business activity continues. In most other countries business activity is either declining or stationary. In the United States, for example, the contraction of industrial activity continued throughout December, but there are now signs that the decline has been arrested, at least temporarily. Scandinavia, Austria, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland appear to be marking time. In Germany, industrial production has so far been maintained, but in France, where activity showed an upward trend until December, there has since been a fairly rapid increase in unemployment. In the Dominions and most countries of Latin America, progress appears to have been arrested, partly as a result of the persistent decline in the prices of primary products. In the Far East, Japanese industrial activity has tended to decline since the summer, while Chinese foreign trade has been curtailed by the Sino-Japanese conflict.'

ALL these facts are, of course, painfully well known to those whose business is foreign trade. As to the prospects, which are of immediate concern, Aylmer Vallance, Financial Editor of the London *New Statesman and Nation*, has made the following observations:—

'Major wars cannot be waged in Spain and China without breaking a number of eggs from the economic basket. Apart from the inhibiting effects of international strain and political uncertainty, the physical derangement of Mediterranean and Far Eastern trade is serious. Added to this, the United States—a market whose consumption is sufficient to exercise a powerful influence on world prices and demand for key commodities—has staged its own particularized slump. Unless the President's New Dealers can succeed in putting the American Humpty-Dumpty back on his wall—or, if you like, in his accustomed Wall Street—fairly quickly, it is foolish to pretend that repercussions of the 1937 slump in the U. S. A. will not impinge on British prosperity and employment in 1938, as they have already impinged during the past autumn on the London Stock Exchange.

'It is not that the omens point to the recurrence of a cataclysmic world-wide slump of the 1930–31 variety. Apart from the fact that there is no comparable "over-production" of primary commodities today, no unwieldy accumulation of stocks, and that the technique of curtailment of output by international capitalist agreement has been much better worked out, there is the vitally important fact that currencies and the credit basis are not now linked to the rigid exchange standard which enforced in 1929 a disastrous deflation of prices through shortage of the monetary gold on which its structure was founded. But if a major slump is not on the cards, it is pretty obvious that we are in for a period of diminished prosperity.'

BUSINESS experts abroad are virtually unanimous in blaming the American re-

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cession for the deterioration in their own business and in trade. Perhaps the most resounding blast against the United States as the culprit has come from the noted Swedish economist, Professor Cassel, writing in the bulletin of the *Skandinaviska Kreditaktiebolaget* of Stockholm. Professor Cassel charges that the American recession was caused largely by uncertainty, and that this uncertainty grew out of the failure of the President and the Federal Reserve Board to settle their feud over what should be the proper policy in regard to prices. If the emphasis which the foreign experts place on American conditions is justified, then those conditions, whether improvement or deterioration, can be taken as an important index to subsequent world conditions.

SINCE the great British banks, the 'Big Five,' have valuable interests in investment, business and trade throughout the world, it is significant that in their recent annual reports all of them stressed the necessity for increasing Great Britain's exports, and that three of the Chairmen urged the resumption of long-term foreign lending as one of the best means to that end. In this regard, Mr. Edwin Fisher of Barclay's Bank said:—

'When we come to analyze the reasons underlying many of the restrictions on world trade at present in force, and the inability to set in motion those measures which would help to increase the flow of goods between nations, one is struck by the widespread lack of confidence prevailing. The effect of this lack of confidence can be seen in the endeavors of countries to make themselves as far as possible self-sufficient, in the large hoarding of gold by individuals, and in the absence of any marked revival in foreign lending in the international capital markets. The international financial machine has been impeded for too long, and there is a risk of the brake becoming rusted to the wheel. A resumption of overseas lending, if and when it becomes possible and prudent, would supply a much-needed lubricant and would bring nearer the goal of stabilization.'

THE Van Zeeland Report, which was prepared by the Belgian economist ex-Premier at the suggestion of the British Government, has been well-reported in the press and contained no surprises. The lowering of tariffs, the suppression of quotas, the freeing of exchange, stabilization, etc., have been advocated before. The proposals are being closely studied by many governments, but it is highly unlikely that they will receive any early action. The time is not yet ripe for international action along these lines. Fear of war, desire for a greater degree of self-sufficiency, lack of gold reserves and deeply intrenched protectionism—these and other unfavorable factors are certain to block the participation of many countries without whose aid no such universal scheme can be worked. Germany's leaders are bent, with Teutonic determination, upon completing their Four-Year Plan, and without Germany's coöperation there can be no real liberation of world trade.

AS FOR Japan, another key trading nation, we call attention to the article elsewhere in this issue by Shinji Yoshino, Minister of Commerce and Industry. Not only is Japan adopting a planned economy, but Mr. Yoshino foresees that by the development of 'substitutes' for materials and articles hitherto imported, because of strain of the 'China Incident,' Japan will in the future be able to restrict sharply, or to do entirely without, a large part of her traditional imports. In short, those who have been selling to Japan must begin to look elsewhere for a market.

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

THE informed and active National Council for Prevention of War (532 17th Street, Washington, D. C.) has given the following restatement of its aims in its monthly organ *Peace Action:*—

> On the one hand to maintain our neutrality while the two blocs (the 'Have' and 'Have-not' Powers) last and build up as wide an area as possible of non-participation in any future war, and on the other hand to play our full part in removing the causes of war and organizing the world for peaceful change, we support the following program: 1. get out of the war zone before more 'incidents' occur; 2. a clearcut neutrality policy; 3. the war referendum on foreign wars; 4. a military policy based on defense of our soil, not defense of American interests abroad; 5. kill the Hill-Sheppard (War Profits and Industrial Mobilization) Bill; 6. continuance and extension of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements and other measures of economic appeasement; 7. a permanent International Economic Commission, broadly representative, like the International Labor Office and with the same autonomy; 8. adherence to the World Court and participation in a universal league of nations based on voluntary coöperation and enlightened self-interest.

ALMOST three months before its biennial convention, which is to be held in St. Louis from April 25 to 29, the National League of Women Voters (726 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C.) informed its members of its proposed program of work for 1938–40. Among its proposals in regard to foreign affairs are the following: international economic coöperation including downward revision of tariffs; participation in the collective peace system, including implementation of the Pact of Paris and membership in the League of Nations and Permanent Court of International Justice; participation with other countries in discriminatory action against any nation violating treaties to which the United States is a signatory; government control of the manufacture and shipment of arms; removal of racial discriminations in our immigration laws.

THE American League for Peace and Democracy (268 Fourth Avenue, New York City) has published figures showing the surprising extent to which American resources are being placed at the disposal of the aggressor States. Japan's imports of American scrap iron, for example, rose from 1,009,767 tons in 1936 to 1,888,197 tons in 1937, the increase going largely into the prosecution of the war against China. And Japan's orders for petroleum jumped during the period from 10 million barrels to more than 16 million barrels. Within the same period, Italy's purchase of petroleum rose from 1,862,797 barrels to 4,533,759 barrels, while Germany's imports of American petroleum grew by 50 per cent. The League supports the O'Connell Peace Act, which would make such purchases impossible for aggressor nations.

NON-CATHOLICS who are interested in the development of feverish supernationalist States abroad, as well as Catholics, will find profit in reading the pamphlet, *Patriotism, Nationalism and the Brotherhood of Man* (10¢), which has been published by the Catholic Association for International Peace (1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.).

THE Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40th Street, New York City) has published two studies of significance at the present time: a new 'Headline Book' entitled *War in China: America's Rôle in the Far East*, by Varian Fry, former editor of THE LIVING AGE; and a study of *Fascism and Communism in South America*, by Stephen Naft.

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THE GUIDE POST

(Continued)

portrays a tragic incident in the Irish countryside during the period when Liam O'Flaherty's 'Informer' was betraying and dying in Dublin. [p. 37]

RUMBLINGS of serious riots in French North Africa have been persistently getting into the news, despite the strict censorship maintained there by the French Administration. The article on this situation which we have translated, 'An Empire Built on Sand,' by Robert-Jean Longuet, a Socialist long resident in Algeria, was gotten out through the mails to the anti-Imperialist *Clarté*. [p. 50]

TWO articles on Japan and two on China are comprised in the group entitled 'China Incident,' as Tokyo chooses to call the war on the mainland. 'Planning Japan's Economy' is by Shinji Yoshino, Minister of Finance and Commerce and virtual economic dictator. [p. 55] The cost of the war to Japan and her prospects are described by an acute French journalist, Robert Leurquin, in the article 'Behind the Banzais.' [p. 58] As for China, Professor Chen Hen-che asserts in his article, 'Thanks to Japan!', that the Japanese invasion will prove a blessing in disguise [p. 61]; and Kurt Offenburg, an Australian expert on China, corrects some grave misconceptions about 'China's Peasant Reds.' [p. 64]

IN 'MISCELLANY,' our monthly section of short articles, there are the following: 'Sensitive Dictators,' a discussion of how thoroughly the egotistical dictator of today hates satire and caricature [p. 67]; '*Città del Papa*,' by Ida von Lonyay, a description of the diminutive Vatican State [p. 69]; 'Guarding Russia's Frontiers,' by E. Krieger, who tells how the Soviet Union solved the problem of watching its more than 40,000 miles of border [p. 72]; and 'Conference on Swearing,' an account of a recent Balkan drive against blasphemy and profanity which appeared in the *Magyarorszag* of Budapest. [p. 74]

'PERSONS' make their appearance in this order: first, 'Six Women of China,' wherein Earl H. Leaf (whose 'Bootleg Slaves in China,' in our March, 1937, issue, has been reprinted 'round the world) contrasts the three famous Soong sisters—Madame Chiang, Madame Kung and Madame Sun Yat-sen—with the little known but heroic Communist trio of Madame Chu Teh, Madame Mao and Miss Ting Ling [p. 40]; second, 'Lord Nuffield,' the British automobile magnate and philanthropist, by Basil Cardew [p. 42]; third, 'Master of the Black Dragons,' Mitsuru Toyama, powerful eighty-three-year old wire-puller in Japanese politics, by Jan Fabius [p. 46]; and last, 'Defiant Lupescu,' in which King Carol's mistress gives her first interview. [p. 48]

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